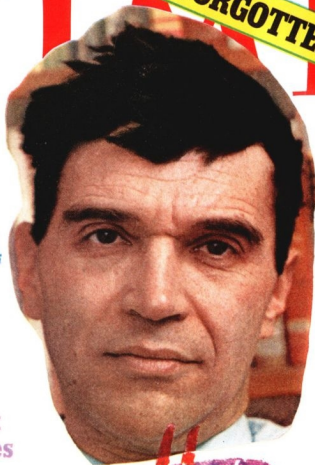


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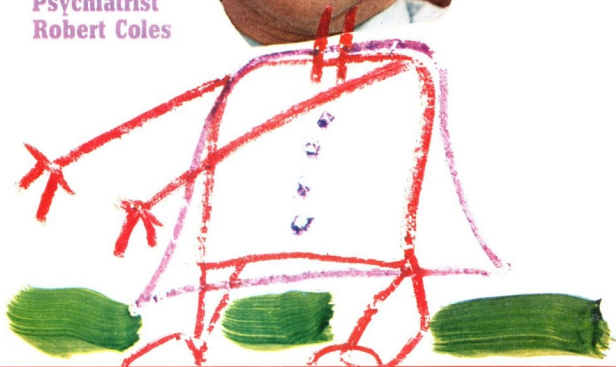
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AMERICA'S FORGOTTEN CHILDREN

TIME



Psychiatrist  
Robert Coles





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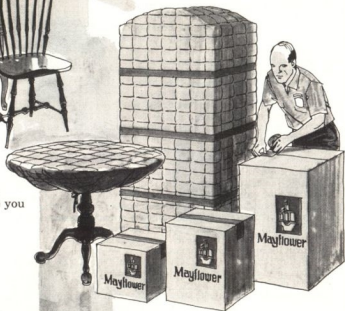


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## LETTERS

### Capital Punishment

Sir / With regard to the TIME Essay, "The Death Penalty: Cruel and Unusual?" [Jan. 24], the main reason for imprisonment is the protection of law-abiding citizens and numberless future victims. It follows that as long as a life sentence means only a few years in jail before parole, as long as prisons are not secure and convicts can escape from them or continue from there to mastermind killings, as long as prisons do not rehabilitate, the death penalty should not be abolished. However, such a penalty should be used very sparingly and only in clear-cut cases of mass killings committed by true psychopaths, since such criminals are very unlikely ever to be rehabilitated.

JUAN B. CORTÉS, PH.D.  
Professor of Psychology  
Georgetown University  
Washington, D.C.

Sir / Your Essay, like all the other anti-death-penalty discourses, has but little to say on behalf of the victims.

Those who vomit and faint at execution would doubtless be less queasy had they witnessed the lonely terror, agony and death suffered by the innocent victims of the criminals.

W.L. WILLIAMS  
Salt Lake City

Sir / There are three good arguments to be made against capital punishment that your Essay fails to mention. First, any prospective execution creates a sensationalism that makes manifest a morbid fascination with homicide. Second, execution has irreversible consequences that imprisonment does not have. This irreversible nature of the death sentence can influence juries to acquit defendants whom they actually believe to be guilty. Third, what does the rapist have to lose by killing his victim? Nothing, if the punishment for both crimes is death.

WALTER L. HARRISON  
Eugene, Ore.

Sir / Re your excellent Essay "The Death Penalty": about the only good thing that may be said about imposing this barbaric sentence is that it reduces recidivism 100%.

LOU MONTELEONE, D.D.S.  
Tampa, Fla.

Sir / In your Essay on capital punishment, you claim that the Bible contradicts itself on this issue. You quote "Thou shalt not kill" from *Exodus 20:13* and "He that smiteth a man so that he die, shall be surely put to death" from the next chapter. There is no contradiction. The passage in *Exodus 20* should be translated "Thou shalt not murder." Hebrew has a specific word for murder, a word that is never used where the context is war or the execution of a criminal.

RABBI ELI A. BOHNER  
Providence

### The Pain of Zero

Sir / You have undoubtedly reported the most important single discovery of the decade in your Environment story on the study of the limits to growth [Jan. 24]. The Club of Rome and the 33 greats of England know who our enemy is, and even how he can be beaten.

It won't be easy to convince the world (in 25 years?) that growth gets to

be pathology, that we must cease reverence for the plus sign; it will be painful to show us how to view zero as a worthwhile goal, as in the zero population growth of Japan, zero pollution, zero waste. But it must be done.

ARTHUR F. CERELIUS  
West Hartford, Conn.

Sir / Now that a machine has said it, perhaps this machine-mad society will believe what we human ecology nuts have been saying for years. The human race is breeding itself into extinction, and, in an all-too-human way, bringing about the destruction of all other forms of life on this planet as well. What a shame, too — we had a great potential!

(MS.) ANN S. PATRICK  
Portland, Me.

Sir / How ironic that the data for your article "The Worst Is Yet to Be?" in which you deplore growth and progress, was obtained from a computer, practically a synonym for growth and progress.

WILLIAM R. TAYLOR  
Old Lyme, Conn.

Sir / Alas, when in recorded history did the bulk of any population voluntarily discipline its appetites? What problem could seem more insoluble than moving all of us to do so, especially in the light of what Alexis de Tocqueville wrote 130 years ago about us and our love of physical well-being and convenience, "to satisfy even the least wants of the body, and to provide the little conveniences is up-permost in every mind. The love of well-being is now become the predominant taste of the nation; the great current of human passions runs in that channel and sweeps everything along in its course." And he seemed to think this would be a characteristic of all democracies.

Do you suppose he is right? Will the Chinese outlive us, and the cockroaches outlive them?

(MS.) ELIZABETH GRANOFF  
Carmel Valley, Calif.

Sir / With Americans still believing that "continual growth is the solution to all problems," it is obvious that in body and soul, America's reality is but a death wish.

SUSAN SUPPLE ZOLLER  
Southport, Conn.

Sir / Modern technological man is insane. We have built, invented, designed, organized, insulated and bottled ourselves into a world of our own making. Like bees in a beehive or ants in an anthill, we function effectively, but we have separated ourselves from the real world. To survive we must recognize our illness.

ED WOOLVERTON  
Cook, Minn.

### Children of God

Sir / I have just read your article on the Children of God [Jan. 24]. Having lost a son to this group as recently as December, I cannot help commenting from personal experience that this is not a religious group but a cover-up for something much more dangerous.

They claim that they are not interested in worldly things, yet they take from their recruits everything they own — bank accounts, automobiles, musical instruments, clothing and personal effects — leaving the parents to assume the

debts their children have left behind. They do nothing in the way of charitable work in communities. Their biggest effort is to go out on the streets at night and "witness." They chant the Bible, but only specific verses over and over, taken out of context.

Parents who think it can't happen to their children had better wake up. Within a 24-hour period, the Children of God had my son converted. It was a very frightening experience.

MRS. B.W. PARMETER  
Houston

Sir / I commend you on your accurate accounting of the Children of God. They brainwashed my young daughter in mid-December, and I have not received a letter nor seen her alone since. Evil lurks in the dark corners of us all, and it wears many guises. The Children of God may be such a guise.

(MS.) BETTY P. GEHR  
New Orleans

### Dissipated Elation

Sir / I was elated to read of the courage shown by Judge Robert R. Merhige in his court decision to further integration in Virginia by merging urban and suburban school districts [Jan. 24]. However, some of this elation was dissipated when I read further and learned that the judge's son Mark, age 11, attends private school. I eagerly await the day when such public officials show the courage of their convictions in deeds as well as in words.

(MS.) KAY H. KAMIN  
River Forest, Ill.

Sir / Judge Merhige's decision to consolidate the Richmond school system with the two surrounding suburban districts is

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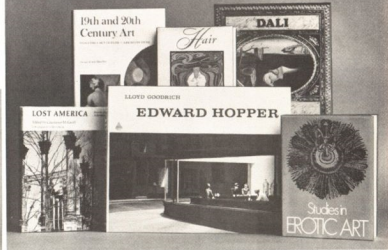
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FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

frightening. How does a certain percentage of blacks and whites in a school prove the "equality of education"? If the money needed for busing were used to upgrade the materials and teachers in the inner city schools, then there would truly be equality of education.

KIM SCHAEFER  
Littleton, Colo.

Sir / As a member of the executive committee of the Henrico County council of P.T.A.s, of which William S. Hanner is chairman, I would like it to be known that not all of the members of this organization are as immature as Mr. Hanner's statement would lead one to believe. True, consolidation is not looked upon with great pleasure, but the majority of the people will, if and when the decision is upheld, send their children to the schools to which they are desired.

(MRS.) SHEILA SILVERMAN  
Richmond

Sir / Judge Merhige can order until he is blue in the face. He cannot come into our homes and grab our children.

Our motto: The real Supreme Court of this land is We, the People. The judges are appointed by God; their names are Mommy and Daddy.

(MRS.) CAROLYN W. BAKER  
Richmond

#### Optimistic View

Sir / The article "A Tough Year to Launch a Career" [Jan. 17] appears to take an unnecessarily dim view of the employment prospects for new college graduates, particularly those in engineering. The statement that "the job market is es-

pecially bad for the engineering graduates" is simply not supported by the facts.

In 1971 engineering graduates were largely placed before graduation, and indications are that those who did not already have jobs by the time they left school were employed before fall. In fact, new engineering graduates have better employment opportunities than practically any other group of college graduates.

JOHN D. ALDEN  
Executive Secretary  
Engineering Manpower Commission  
New York City

#### Hunger for Mystery

Sir / In response to your story on Howard Hughes [Jan. 24], I can only say how splendid that in America of 1972 a mystery can exist. Would it not be a loss to have Mr. Hughes come out of his cocoon? Your probing story revealed enough. Let a public hungry for mystery relish that much. I say let him be. Hang back there, Mr. Hughes.

J.C. VIZVARY  
Boulder, Colo.

Sir / Just great! It is fantastic that such a man as Howard Hughes, such a "doer," can remain in such accomplished seclusion in this age of "Big Brother is watching." Howard, I hope we never find out what you look like! It is time someone else had the last laugh.

ROGER K. SHUART  
Fort Worth

Sir / I have read your article on Howard Hughes.

It is good, but I would like to make the following comments: 1) Hughes is 66,

not 67. 2) The estimate of \$2.5 billion is vastly exaggerated. Including the value of Hughes Aircraft, which is wholly owned by the foundation and therefore not really an asset of his estate, it would be difficult to assess his estate at over \$1 billion. 3) The wardrobe-burning incident is wrong in its details. 4) My safari was in 1956, a full year prior to my parting with Howard. My offices were not locked when I returned from the safari. In fact, I was welcomed with open arms. The parting is completely wrong. No hat was involved. His last remark to me was, "Noah, I can't exist without you."

NOAH DIETRICH  
Los Angeles

■ Noah Dietrich was Howard Hughes' chief executive officer for three decades.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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AMERICAN NOTES

## The National Interest

A week after President Nixon revealed his eight-point Viet Nam peace proposal, Maine Senator Edmund Muskie pronounced the plan unworkable and set out his own formula for getting the U.S. out of the war. Instead of Nixon's stipulations—a cease-fire throughout Indochina and new South Vietnamese elections—Muskie said that the U.S. should simply set a firm pull-out date in return for the safety of withdrawing forces and the release of American prisoners of war, leaving Saigon to work out its own accommodation with the Communists or else forgo further U.S. aid.

Whatever its merits, Muskie's plan was not unlike an earlier Nixon offer that Hanoi had rejected. That fact helps to explain the resulting barrage from the White House and Republican leaders that virtually accused Muskie of disloyalty to the U.S. In a political riposte unusual for a Secretary of State, William Rogers observed: "Every man who is running for public office should ask himself whether [what he says] serves the national interest or not." Secretary of the Interior Rogers C.B. Morton challenged Muskie with having "undermined our negotiating position." In short, the Administration was coming close to saying that any criticism of the President's Viet Nam moves—and, by extension, of his foreign policy in general—damages the national interest. To which Democratic Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, a

careful man with words, replied: "Ridiculous."

The Democrats had the best of the argument. Muskie was hardly giving aid and comfort to the Communists by telling them that Americans are still divided on how best to end the war quickly; Hanoi knows that well. The expectation of domestic discord may well have rendered the North Vietnamese more stubborn, as the Administration has always claimed, but there is no convincing evidence that this ever was or is now a decisive factor. Viet Nam long ago destroyed any vestige of the precept that "politics stops at the water's edge." For any Democratic candidate not to discuss or criticize Viet Nam policy would be a curious—and surely damaging—deficiency in his campaign.

## It Takes a Thief

First, station an armed guard at every branch. Keep those "hidden cameras" out in the open; a man who decides to hold up a bank is always looking for an excuse to back out of it. Beware of blank checks that are easily accessible or waste baskets that can be pilfered for crumpled signature cards.

Such crime-prevention tips are being offered to Southern California bankers by expert consultants—a group of ex-convicts who used to specialize in robbery, forgery and credit-card theft. They now are part of Project JOVE (an acronym for Job placement, On the job training, Vocational counseling, Education), which is a San Diego operation to help former prisoners find jobs and adjust to life outside.

Besides lecturing bankers, the ex-cons have been telling Southern California grocers how their stores strike the professional eye. Their initial advice: Don't be too nice to customers. The former thieves were appalled to learn that store owners would willingly tell a stranger what day they had their biggest sales. Other tips: Don't stack large packages like charcoal briquettes in the front window so that passing police cannot see what is going on inside; induce a bit of paranoia with large signs intimating that customers are being watched.

But once a robber makes his move, cooperate fully and never resist. Do not carry a gun. Says Robert McKinney, an ex-forgery who runs Project JOVE: "If there is not enough money in the till, write the guy a check." That conjures up the wry possibility of the grocer, pen poised, inquiring, "And whom shall I make it out to?"

## Cooper's Droop

Bralessness, that badge of liberation and adornment of the age—in some cases, at least—may be an insupportable custom. So suggests a medical expert writing in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*.

The problem, according to Dr. John H. Wulsin of the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine, is simple gravity. "The fibrous attachments which support the breast," says Wulsin, "stretch under the influence of gravity, more so in some women than in others, and especially in those breasts naturally large or fat or pregnant or lactating."

That much most women already knew. But, continues Wulsin, "once lengthened by tension, these fibrous connections (Cooper's suspensory ligaments) do not resume youthful dimensions, and despite hopeful legend, no amount of exercise will restore pristine mammary profile."

There is no actual danger in bralessness, concludes Wulsin, but unfortunately, the only possible worthwhile insurance against eventual droop, especially in the large-breasted, he says, is the support of a "satisfactory brassiere."

## A Leer for Ms.

Since Women's Liberation introduced "Ms." as a substitute for Miss or Mrs., the prefix (pronounced Miz) has been working its way steadily into the American vocabulary. There is, of course, institutional resistance. In California, for example, Sacramento County Clerk William Durlay reports he has had to reject at least 20 voter registration applications because women have insisted on using Ms. instead of giving their marital-status designation as state law requires. Now two bills have been introduced in the state legislature to allow the liberated Ms. designation, or none at all, when women desire to register that way. Some federal agencies and congressmen's offices now routinely address their correspondence to "Ms." in reply to letters signed that way.

Such barriers may fall, but the marquee of a Manhattan pornography house last week offered a sublime example of the chauvinist pig's gift for accommodating himself to the changing times. The current attraction is *Ms. Erotica U.S.A.*

\* After Sir Astley Cooper, a 19th century British anatomist.

EX-CONS DEMONSTRATE THEFT TACTIC





HARDY

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## POLITICS

## Grumpy Mood of Florida Voters

**S**LOGGING through the Everglades, posing with Mickey Mouse at Disney World or buzzing the beaches along the keys, presidential candidates are seeking out the voters of Florida and finding them mainly skeptical, grumpy, worried and wary. Aggressively conservative and proudly Southern despite its many refugees from the North, Florida may not reside at the political center of the U.S., but the morose attitude of its citizens toward problems and politics in this election year may well be typical. If so, the American voter is going to prove a prickly prize for the politicians to grasp in 1972.

More than most states, Florida embraces the best and worst of America. The losers of life still flock to Daytona Beach to drive cabs and lick their wounds in the sun; the winners arrive at Palm Beach in private yachts and jets to relieve the pressures. Cuban refugees come to Miami to make a new beginning, while a million blacks chafe at the newcomers' ability to take away their jobs by working for less pay. Retired citizens in Hawaiian shirts fill the benches at Sarasota, while migrant workers pass silently through the state in their circuitous search for work. The whole makes Florida something special; in the parts reflect the full range of U.S. society.

**Chosen Havens.** Turning his attention away from the candidates and toward Florida's voters, *TIME* Correspondent Joseph Kane finds Floridians most concerned about problems close at hand. They turn up their noses at the sulfurous smell of pollution in Jacksonville, squirm in the traffic jams on Interstate 95 in Miami, worry about rising crime in all of the big cities. Elderly residents of St. Petersburg object to dirty streets; they also successfully prevented U.S. Steel from building a condominium that would have obstructed a view of the gulf. The people of the state want Florida to adopt a "no growth" policy that would protect their chosen havens against overcrowding.

Unless they can relate such issues as the Viet Nam War, President Nixon's

celebrated "journeys for peace" and the environment to their own lives, Floridians place these matters far below such more personal concerns as rising taxes, the high cost of living, the neighbor who seems to be living high on welfare and the demands that their children be bused to more distant schools. Statewide, Kane finds that busing, in fact, dominates all other issues.

Floridians speak bluntly about busing. "I don't want to bus my kids into the ghetto," grouses Bill Hardy, a life insurance supervisor in South Miami. "Christ! That's what I worked to get out of." Declares Mrs. Tina Curran, who has lived for 20 years in Miami but is moving to avoid busing: "I have no intention of letting my daughter Bambi be bused away to a black or white school. I'd do anything to stop it." Complains Ronald Stroud, harbor-master at Fort Lauderdale's Pier 66: "Massive busing is a disgrace to this nation. It destroys neighborhoods." Agrees William Langer, president of Miami Electricians Local 349: "Busing is not the American way of life."

**Bunny Mother.** While many whites cite early rising hours, traffic problems and inept teachers as a reasonable basis for their objections to busing, blacks see them only as rationalizations for deeper concerns. "There will always be a reason to mask the sexual fears," argues Fort Lauderdale Attorney Alcee L. Hastings.

Welfare runs busing a close second as a cause of complaint among Floridians. They are not opposed to helping those who really need it, but from Fort Pickens near Pensacola to Sloppey Joe's in Key West, they assail those who they feel do not deserve it. "I see people going down to the welfare office with new automobiles and here's me driving a six-year-old car," protests Seminole County Deputy Sheriff William Chandler. "To me," adds St. Petersburg Motel Operator Robert Van Auker, "welfare is the most stinking thing there is."

The cost of living bugs every Floridian from Beverly Russell, the Bunny Mother at Miami Beach's Playboy Plaza, who had her rent hiked, to Maggie

Murray, a ghetto grandmother in Orlando, who struggles to meet her \$26-a-month electricity bill. At the same time, cattle farmers in central Florida worry about the price of beef. Drugs, too, are of great concern in Florida. "The root of most of our crime is drugs," insists an official of the Tampa Chamber of Commerce.

What do Floridians want done? Few really offer solutions, many demand of the candidates only that they cut back on welfare, stop the busing, "do something about the war," balance the budget, improve the quality of public education and get the Federal Government to mind its own business. They do not see many candidates who seem likely to do all those things and their gloom deepens. "All I want," says Miami Drawbridge Tender Peter Rozema, "is someone who won't give me a screwing." "We all seem to have the blahs," says Ken Bleakly, president of the Rollins College student body. "We need a national purpose and a candidate of honesty and virtue. Muskie talks about it, but he doesn't bring it off." Another Rollins student, Sam Crosby, wants to get one message across to all of the candidates: "Quit lying to me, man! I am not an idiot."

**Visiting Rights.** Many of Florida's voters have a feeling that the U.S. is going downhill. They resent this and feel powerless to check the slide. "Yes, we're going down," says Grace Cassidy, operator of a Daytona Beach nonstore store. "We're in serious trouble," agrees Fort Lauderdale Boat Captain Bob Twist.

Not knowing what to do about the state of the nation, Floridians turn back to less lofty matters. Maggie Murray wants more street lights around her apartment to keep noisy kids



RUSSELL



CHANDLER



## THE NATION

away. Rollins College first-year coeds want the right to have men visit their rooms. Animal lovers in Ybor City seek more space for the local zoo. Residents of Pompano Beach are aroused by a report that a school principal died from an overdose of heroin and those in Broward County by the arrest of a teacher for selling marijuana. In Leesburg, employers are mad at Disney World for paying wages above the prevailing scale. In Jacksonville, Mayor Hans Tanzler dismisses the complaints of environmentalists, whiffs his city's foul air and declares: "That smell means jobs."

Such local issues are the stuff that ought to influence national politics. But while candidates in both parties lead for votes in Florida's March 14 presidential primary, outside of the hard core of supporters that each aspirant commands Floridians seem unimpressed. This feeling goes well beyond the customary apathy at such an early stage in the presidential campaigning. "Nobody is talking to me," contends Bill Hardy. "I can't vote for anyone right now." Changing the minds of the nation's Bill Hardys will be a difficult and urgent task for the candidates in many states between now and November—and the health of the nation's political system may well rest heavily on their degree of success.

## Scoop on the Road

Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson admits that the Florida primary is crucial to his campaign for the presidency. *TIME* Senior Correspondent John Steele followed Jackson along the campaign trail to assess the man and listen to his cadences:

Steam from the huge mounds of spaghetti and meat sauce gently drifted toward the ceiling and softened the harsh fluorescent light in the crowded Lions Club in old Key West. The crowd chatter, much of it warmly spiced with Spanish-American syllabication, died. The speaker was a stumpy, smooth-faced man who was far away from his home in Everett, Wash., as he could be. His Adlai Stevenson-era button-down blue shirt, neat striped tie, close-clipped sideburns and Trumanesque pungenies perhaps marked him as a man of the 1950s. "What I stand for," said Henry Jackson, "comes closer to your thinking than all of the other candidates. I'm the different candidate." The sponge fishermen, tradesmen, retired couples and the rest of the audience stood up and cheered.

Jackson's is a long-shot gamble, steeped in the assurance that many of the old verities—he calls them "realities"—remain. His deep conviction is that Edmund Muskie, Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern and the other Democratic candidates are running away from the great middle ground of American politics. As Florida's March

14 primary approaches, Jackson believes that he is getting his uniqueness across. He will spend nearly every 8-to-midnight working day stumping the state, though he has already visited every Florida district at least once, and been to many a small northern town where no other candidate has yet appeared.

**Lousy Parent.** Jackson brands as "hypocrites" those who advocate major cutbacks in U.S. military spending while at the same time pledging security for Israel. He favors embarking on new major weapons and space systems in order to meet a threat of Soviet lodgments in the Middle East and the Indian Ocean. Privately, he has warned President Nixon to send no Strategic Arms Limitation treaty to the Senate if it would curb only defensive weaponry while leaving unchecked the steady growth of Soviet offensive mis-

He characterizes as "outrageous nonsense" any equating of diligent crime prevention with racism and promises more federal funds for additional judges, prosecutors, public defenders and police. In return, he wants local jurisdictions to bring those charged with crime to trial within 60 days. On what he sees as the "overriding issue," the economy, Jackson's emphasis is on re-establishing a growing, expanding economy that is now operating at one-quarter less than its potential in new goods and services.

**Square Stance.** The Jackson campaign does not lack for funds. He expects to have raised and spent about \$1,000,000 by early April, half of it in Florida. His television and press exposure in Florida is excellent; he has some strong labor backing, and important elements in Governor Reubin Askew's organization are supporting

PAUL CONNELLEY



**SCOOP JACKSON TALKING POLITICS WITH WORKERS ON THEIR LUNCH HOUR**  
A man who senses a mood of faith-in-America.

siles. He regrets that the U.S. has failed to achieve a quick victory in Viet Nam. He advocates an even faster withdrawal of U.S. ground troops, but warns that war frustrations may lead to resurgent isolationism and the neglect of a credible defense posture.

Jackson categorically opposes the mandatory busing of schoolchildren for the sole purpose of achieving racial balance; he approves of busing only if "quality education is assured at the end of the bus ride." He never tires of reminding listeners that his own nineteen-year-old, Anna Marie, is the only presidential candidate's child who is attending public school. Forty percent of Anna Marie's schoolmates are black. Her principal and teacher are also black. While Jackson says that he welcomes black pupils who are bused to the school, "I'd be a lousy parent if I agreed to bus Anna Marie out of our neighborhood school to an inferior black one."

him. Jackson still stands at only 5% in the national polls, but in the last Quayle poll, taken in Florida in late December, he rose from 6% to 12%, only seven points behind Muskie (though the front runner, George Wallace, had a commanding 29% in the splintered field). Jackson men assert that their candidate continues to gain.

The question is whether he can establish his square stance with what he calls an "uncertain, uneasy, concerned America." He is trying to catch a political mood that he believes to be in the air—a centrist, have-faith-in-America mood that is not unlike the one that so often is evoked by President Nixon. Even in Key West the verities of home were not too far away. Grabbing Jackson by the shoulder, Navy Quartermaster Bill Morrison told him: "Look, Senator, Dad and I water-proofed your basement back home in Everett. I think you're coming through loud and clear."



## McGovern on the Issues

*Florida is only one test among many to George McGovern. For the South Dakota Senator, every primary is important. Despite consistently poor showings in the polls and indifference from the party powerful, McGovern, soft of voice and blurred of image, has plodded after the Democratic presidential nomination for more than a year. A progress report from TIME Correspondent Jess Cook:*

Two weeks ago Iowa's Democratic caucus gave him 23% of the vote, and last week Arizona's awarded him 20% of its delegate slate. Neither outcome was enough to lead the crowded field, but the figures were more than four times the 3% to 5% share of voters the pollsters normally consign to him. Moreover, in both states McGovern was able to score significantly by running his kind of campaign—pushing issues, not personalities, and relying on a carefully worked-out series of proposals, not rhetoric, to attract voters.

The twin showings came together with endorsements by liberal groups in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Florida. But the showing in Arizona encouraged McGovern's supporters because they saw the Arizona campaign as a microcosm of what lies ahead. Senator Edmund Muskie, the big winner with 38% of the vote, exploited the advantage of the front runner and the support of prominent Arizona Democrats; New York Mayor John Lindsay, glamorous and well bankrolled, ran a media minilife—he was the only candidate to advertise on TV—and carried 24% of the delegate slate. McGovern hewed to his South Dakota style of street campaigning: introduction, handshake, brief chat—a one-on-one soft sell meant to convey concern if not charisma.

But the core of his campaign was built on telephone contacts and follow-up mailings. Every undecided voter reached by telephone was queried about the issues that concerned him; the next day, position papers in each appropriate area were in the mail. McGovern's backers believe it was the position papers that carried the vote.

**Loopholes.** McGovern is undoubtedly ahead among current Democratic contenders in the thoroughness with which he has worked out his positions on some foreign and domestic issues. Over the past year, he has researched and released a series of highly detailed blueprints for attacking the nation's problems. More than any other candidate, he has moved beyond broad goals to specific proposals.

The heart of McGovern's platform is a plan for income redistribution and tax reform and an alternative defense budget. Perhaps no presidential aspirant since Huey Long has proposed so sweeping an economic change as McGovern's tax and income program. The

keys: a wide-ranging reform of the tax code, closing all loopholes in higher income brackets, removing personal exemptions for individuals and restoring corporate income taxes to their 1960 high levels by eliminating depreciation allowances and investment tax credits. The scheme, he insists, could raise up to \$92 billion in new revenues. New economic stimulus, argues McGovern, would come from increased purchasing power and Government contracting in such areas as pollution control.

Coupled with tax reform is an income-redistribution program that would assure each individual of a minimum income grant of as much as \$1,000 per year. Families still below the poverty level after their members totaled their payments would be entitled to keep the entire grant, and the proportion would decrease as income from other sources was raised. Income

current figure by cutting back on some airplane programs and eliminating Titan missile deployment. The program includes naval modernization and continued development of new missiles and bombers, but the aim is to hold down costs and duplication wherever possible. The U.S. should maintain, argues the proposal, "more nuclear weapons than necessary for deterrence, as insurance and as a hedge against possible buildups on the other side, but certainly we should be able to find the line between conservatism and paranoia." McGovern sidesteps the question of nuclear parity with the Soviet Union and China. Although he estimates that 200 missiles are sufficient to destroy either nation, his budget calls for 1,000 Minuteman missiles alone, with additional nuclear warheads in submarines and bombers.

America's nonnuclear defense el-

MICHAEL LLOYD CAULFIELD



GEORGE MCGOVERN IN BARBERSHOP ON WALKING TOUR OF BLACK DISTRICT OF MIAMI  
The voice is soft, the image blurred—but the issues sharp.

taxes on the top 20% of federal taxpayers would be higher than under the current system, but welfare would be abolished and the attendant savings to the state and local governments should cause decreases in property taxes. The removal of individual deductions alone would add \$64 billion to federal revenues, and the cost of administering the welfare bureaucracy would be virtually eliminated. In all, \$29 billion would be shifted from those at the highest income levels to those at the lowest.

McGovern's proposals for decreased defense spending are even more tightly reasoned. In a 56-page report, McGovern outlines specific proposals for troop levels, missile strength—all the way down to the number of bomber wings and ships. The proposed savings would reduce defense spending by almost one-third. The bulk of the decrease would come in equipment and supplies; McGovern would halve the

elements, McGovern says, can be pared without compromising readiness. The number of active-duty personnel would be reduced from 2,578,453 to 1,735,000, including a 170,000 cut in American forces in Europe. The reductions would be made possible by avoiding "the needless maintenance of active forces against threats which do not and likely never will exist." The U.S., McGovern reasons, would not need land or air forces in Southeast Asia, nor active-duty troops in Korea and Japan. This premise requires a new assessment of America's role in the world and of her friends and enemies. McGovern is convinced that such a reassessment would justify a greatly decreased defense budget.

Although there is room for disagreement with many of McGovern's premises and the conclusions drawn from them, he deserves credit for insisting on substance, for preferring blueprints to blurs.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### New Push on Welfare

No one has worked longer or harder for Senate passage of President Nixon's welfare-reform legislation than Connecticut's Democratic Senator Abraham Ribicoff—even though Ribicoff had drawn up a somewhat different bill of his own.\* As Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Kennedy Administration, Ribicoff developed expertise on the subject that is respected by his colleagues, and his leadership seemed vital to the bill's slim chances for favorable action this year. Amazingly, however, until last week no important White House official had even talked to Ribicoff about the matter. Instead, HEW offended him by releasing what he considered inflated statistics on the cost of an amendment he had suggested.

Irrked, Ribicoff announced that he was no longer going to lead the fight for the bill, charging that the Administration did not seem interested in its own program. Aware that Ribicoff might well be the key to passage, Nixon quickly telephoned the Senator to assure him that he did indeed want it passed. HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson and Presidential Adviser John Ehrlichman called on Ribicoff to seek a compromise on their different approaches to reform, whereupon a pleased Ribicoff announced that "I'm enlisted in this fight for the duration."

**Fumble.** Under the compromise, Ribicoff won Administration support for a trial of one of the bill's key provisions: a minimum income for working poor. Ribicoff had begun to wonder some time ago whether a vast program of supplementing the pay of low-income families should be put into effect without being tested first on a substantial scale. The White House opposed massive testing because it might cause delay. The Administration's fumble gave Ribicoff the opportunity to insist on a test. The trial would be held in sites still to be selected, and the full plan would be in effect in 1974—about seven months later than HEW had planned—unless Congress finds the trial unsatisfactory and vetoes that part of the program.

"This can't be passed in the Senate unless the President pushes and shoves," said Ribicoff. "There has been a world of change in that now." Ribicoff says he would like to take credit for a clever maneuver that coaxed the President and his men to push. Actually, he was surprised—and pleased—that it worked out that way.

\* Ribicoff's plan is more generous than the Administration's bill. He would set the basic support level for a jobless family of four at \$3,000, compared with the bill's \$2,400; he would also raise the maximum income at which working families would remain eligible for welfare aid from the bill's \$4,200 to \$5,720.



IRVING WITH WIFE EDITH IN MANHATTAN AS GRAND JURY MET ON HUGHES CASE

## INVESTIGATIONS

### The Secret Life of Clifford Irving

THE grand jury was sending out subpoenas like invitations to an enormous masked ball, with an improbable guest list, ranging from ex-convicts to publishing executives to members of Author Clifford Irving's sometimes exotic circle on the Balearic island of Ibiza. The Howard Hughes affair was turning into a still more absorbing drama, with among other things an emotionally fascinating subplot of adultery. The unmasking of the plot would come soon, it seemed—perhaps this week. When it does, Irving confided cryptically to a friend in Manhattan, "you'll be amazed at how simple it is."

Last week legal authorities in the U.S. and Switzerland were rapidly working to unravel the mysteries surrounding Irving's supposed "autobiography" of Howard Hughes. U.S. postal investigators were checking hotel records in Florida and other places to

determine whether Irving ever met Hughes, as he claims, for more than 100 hours of talk. Other federal men pursued a lead that Irving may have needed money to pay off loan sharks of the Mafia family of Carlo Gambino. Meantime the Internal Revenue Service signed tax liens against all of Irving's 1971 earnings, including the \$650,000 in publisher's advances to "H.R. Hughes" that the Irvings had banked in Zurich. Swiss officials issued warrants for the Irvings' arrest.

**Three Questions.** The investigators who descended on the Hughes case were picking away like archaeologists at what now appear to be the ruins of Irving's story. Initially, there were three major questions: 1) What became of the \$650,000 that McGraw-Hill thought that it was advancing to Howard Hughes for the book? 2) Did Clifford Irving ever meet with Howard Hughes? and 3) If they never met, then where did Irving get the material for the book?

The money question has been substantially solved. Irving admits that his wife Edith, posing as a woman named Helga R. Hughes, opened an account at the Swiss Credit Bank in Zurich, deposited the McGraw-Hill checks made out to H.R. Hughes and then withdrew the money and salted it away in several other Zurich banks. Irving claims that he made the arrangements at Hughes' request. Last week, however, a few more details of those transactions came to light.

For one thing, Edith opened one of the secondary accounts in the name of Hanne Rosenkranz. Edith's first husband, a West German businessman named Heinz Deiter Rosenkranz, is now married to a woman named Hannah, whose West German identity card Edith evidently used in opening the account, using the diminutive Hanne. Edith forged the specimen signature to do so. In addition, Swiss authorities



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found that Edith's "Helga R. Hughes" passport was actually a Swiss passport that had been issued to her in the fall of 1968, after she had reported her old one missing.

The second question—whether Irving ever met with Hughes—brought a compelling refutation last week in the form of a willowy Danish aristocrat named Nina van Pallandt, 38, a well-known folk singer in Europe. Now on her own, she used to appear on television and in supper clubs with her husband, Baron Frederik van Pallandt, from whom she has been separated since 1969. For years she has had an Ibiza villa. "Whenever Nina's name was mentioned," a friend of the Irvings says, "Edith would climb the wall."

Last week Edith had more cause to be furious. Nina, who was vacationing in Nassau—ironically close to Hughes' reclusive penthouse on Paradise Island—confirmed that she had accompanied Irving on a five-day trip to Oaxaca, Mexico, last February. In his exhaustive affidavit explaining how he had obtained the autobiography, Irving claimed to have held two secret meetings with Hughes during that Mexican trip. But Nina said that such meetings would have been impossible, since Irving hardly ever left her side. The total time they were apart, she said, was for "an hour, an hour and a half," clearly too short a time for the elaborate rendezvous with Hughes that Irving had described.

Nina's appearance in the case gave it some new aspects of glamorous international soap opera. When she returned from vacation to London last week, Nina told reporters: "He loves me. He has asked me to marry him, and I am sure that is why he thought I would stand by him."

**Intermediary.** With Irving's claims of having met Hughes tarnished, the major remaining mystery was whether Irving compiled the manuscript with the help of material purloined from Hughes' files—possibly in the form of a computerized bibliography of nearly everything that has been printed about Hughes. Perhaps to explore this aspect, two of the federal grand jury subpoenas last week were issued for Robert Maheu and his son Peter. The older Maheu was head of Hughes' extensive gambling and real estate interests in Nevada before the billionaire abruptly fired him in 1970. He has had access to Hughes papers, but has denied any role in the case.

As part of the same quest, an eclectic consultant, John Meier, appeared before the federal grand jury in New York, which is looking into the possibility of mail fraud and fraud by wire (telephone). Meier, who worked for Hughes in the late '60s as a scientific expert in Nevada, is now seeking the Democratic nomination for the U.S. Senate in New Mexico. After his grand jury appearance, Meier told reporters: "I never met Clifford Irving or his wife,



ROBERT KIRSCH, JOHN MEIER, GERRY ALBERTINI, RICHARD SUSKIND & ELMYR DE HORY  
*At the masked ball, there remained one outstanding mystery.*

and had not heard of either of them before I read about the 'Autobiography of Howard Hughes' in the newspapers." Yet when he faced the grand jury, Meier pleaded the Fifth Amendment. In addition, Mrs. Martin Ackerman, the wife of Irving's former attorney, is said to have identified Meier as the key figure in the mystery, possibly the Hughes "intermediary" Irving called "George Gordon Holmes."

Irving's own character became one of the larger bewilderments of the Hughes affair. On the evidence, he had used his wife as a pivotal figure—to open the Swiss bank accounts under a false name and forge signatures, leaving her vulnerable to jail. Yet before his story began disintegrating, Irving had told TIME's Roger Beardwood on Ibiza: "Do you seriously think I would have involved my wife in something—my wife, whom I love, the mother of my children, whom I love?"

Others in the tight Ibiza circle—a raffish collection reminiscent of Humphrey Bogart's *Beat the Devil*—added color to the story. There was Elmyr de Hory, the slightly flamboyant art forger who is the principal figure in Irving's book *Fake!* Another good friend is Gerry Albertini, an idle millionaire with dual British-American citizenship who, apparently as a favor, once kept Irving's Hughes manuscript in his safe on the island.

Then there was Richard Suskind, a corrupt writer and researcher who lives on the nearby island of Majorca. Irving hired Suskind—for \$50,000—to do some of the research for the Hughes book, and he is the only person besides Irving who supposedly met Howard Hughes during the project. It was allegedly a brief encounter in a Palm Springs, Calif., motel room where, Suskind has sworn, Hughes offered him an organic prune. Suskind

will testify this week in Manhattan. Others who drifted in and out of the Ibiza circle included Robert Kirsch, a longtime friend of Irving's and the book editor of the Los Angeles Times.

Just weeks ago, Clifford Irving was looking forward to the publishing coup of the decade. He had control of well over half-a-million dollars in publishers' advances and prospects for immense royalties. Last week, with his story in a shambles, he sat in a Manhattan hotel waiting for the law to close in. The Irvings had been caught in forgery; his version of how he had acquired the book in personal meetings with Hughes was seriously shadowed. He tried to bargain with federal authorities for immunity—for himself or for Edith—in exchange for the full story, but the Government, apparently convinced that it has a solid case against the Irvings, was not interested.

**Gullible.** Yet for all that, Irving seemed almost eerily unconcerned. He bounced out of the courthouse with a smile and handshakes for newsmen friends. He even left the two children with a sitter and took Edith out for a night on the town. One can only guess at the conversation between them. But perhaps, being a modestly talented novelist with the look of a sardonic Danny Kaye, Irving was actually enjoying the knowledge that the story he was living was far more interesting than anything he ever put on paper.

Interviewed on Ibiza for a 1969 television documentary about De Hory, Irving spoke with prescient irony: "All the world loves to see the experts and the Establishment made a fool of, and everyone likes to feel that those who set themselves up as experts are really just as gullible as anyone else. And so Elmyr, as the great art faker of the 20th century, becomes a modern folk hero for the rest of us."



## TRIALS

## Battle in Harrisburg

The prosecution of the Harrisburg Seven will likely be a sedate enterprise compared with the yammering chaos of the Chicago Seven trial two years ago. There is the Rev. Philip Berrigan in place of the irreverent Abbie Hoffman, and an earnest, reserved Judge R. Dixon Herman instead of the choleric, opinionated Judge Julius Hoffman. Defense Attorney Ramsey Clark bears no more resemblance to William Kunstler than the placid Pennsylvania capital does to busy Chicago.

Indeed, as the selection of jurors continued last week in Harrisburg, one sore point for the defense was that the Government seemed to have deliberately chosen to hold the trial in a lackluster location to keep publicity to a minimum. Publicity is precisely what the defense wants. As Father Philip Berrigan put it in a statement read by one of the co-defendants: "It is not a priority of ours to win an acquittal, but to conduct a political trial and get the issues before the American people." The Government, of course, sees the trial as a straightforward criminal prosecution.

**Single Issue.** Philip Berrigan, 48, a Jesuit priest, and his confreres are accused of conspiring to blow up the heating systems in Government buildings in Washington, destroy draft records in several cities, and kidnap Henry Kissinger to use as a hostage until their demands to end the Viet Nam War were met. The other defendants are: Sister Elizabeth McAlister, 32, an intense, intelligent nun of the order of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary; Mary Cain Scoblick, 33, a former nun, and her husband, Anthony, a priest; Egbal Ahmad,



PHILIP BERRIGAN, ATTORNEY WILLIAM KUNSTLER & DANIEL BERRIGAN

A cast of characters far more sedate than in Chicago.

41, a fellow at the Adlai Stevenson Institute of International Affairs in Chicago; and Baltimore Ghetto Priests Neil McLaughlin, 31, and Joseph Wenderoth, 36.

The single issue in the case at the moment is the picking of a panel of jurors that will satisfy everyone. Chief Prosecutor William Lynch, reputed to be one of the Justice Department's most effective criminal trial lawyers, has asked each candidate if he or she would obey the instructions from the bench—and hence apply the letter of the law—despite any misgivings about the justice of the law.

Judge Herman questioned candidates as to whether they harbored any pro- or anti-war sentiment strong enough to make them incapable of rendering a just decision (see box). He

later irked the defense by ordering that the jury, after selection, be sequestered; the defendants claim that juries locked away from their families for months tend to resent the defendants and consequently hand down more severe verdicts.

The Berrigan case has managed to attract some attention to Harrisburg. The main drawing card is the dynamic Father Phil, who is brought to court every day from the Dauphin County Prison. One night recently a crowd of youngsters staged a vigil outside the jail, singing *Peace My Friend* and *Hear O Lord the Sound of My Call*, accompanied by two girls playing guitars. Berrigan supporters are hoping that college spring vacations will bring fresh battalions of the young to the siege of Harrisburg.

## To Pick a Jury of Twelve

*It is never easy to pick a jury of twelve good men and true, and it is even more difficult to find twelve who are able objectively to stand in judgment of people like the Harrisburg Seven. TIME Senior Correspondent Champ Clark listened as the prospective jurors were asked hard questions about their views on war, particularly the war in Viet Nam, and related matters. Herewith his sampling of responses:*

► I'm an open-minded man. I belong to the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America. I have belonged to it for 44 years, and I don't remember when I last missed a meeting. I lean toward the patriotic idea of supporting the Government of the U.S. I think that it would be very wrong if I didn't stand up for my Government.

► I think that someone would be a fool if they didn't bring these people [the defendants] in here for some reason—I mean, if you have faith in our Government and our police force.

► No, I don't think the Government is always right. That would be wrong.

► No war is fair, because it takes loved ones away. But wars have to be fought to keep people free.

► The Bible says there will always be wars and rumors of wars, so I guess we'll always have them.

► We'll always have war. On the other hand, I'd like to see our men come home. I don't go for this half-and-half business. Maybe we should either be totally involved—you know, clean up over there—or else completely withdraw.

► If there's got to be war, then there's got to be a war, I think that citizens of the U.S. should be required to fight because they're citizens of the U.S.

► This country should never have been involved in the war. I support President Nixon's plan to end the war. But I would be prejudiced against "activities" to end the war.

► I never talk about the war. I've got five minutes to wash and change and get out of the plant, and most of it is spent kidding around. We just kid and go home. We don't have time to talk about Viet Nam.

► If they [antiwar demonstrators] are clean . . . I have no objection to them. But if they look like they just came out of a rag bag, well I wonder. But even if they're not clean, they have thoughts and feelings, and I would as soon take their word about something as anyone else's.

► When I first read about the conspiracy, I thought the whole thing was kind of funny—the idea of blowing up heating ducts and running off with Henry Kissinger. Well, our foreign policy has kind of gone down the drain since then.

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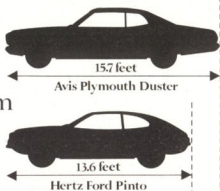
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## NORTHERN IRELAND

## The Bitter Road from Bloody Sunday

THE attention of all Ireland was focused last weekend on the predominantly Catholic town of Newry (pop. 15,000) in Ulster. As Sunday approached, thousands of demonstrators—and newsmen as well—poured into the town in expectation of another bloody confrontation between British troops and Ulster Catholics participating in an illegal protest march. Only 40 miles south of Belfast and a 15-minute drive from Dundalk, a major south-of-the-border refuge for Irish Republican Army gunmen and arms smugglers, Newry is well known to be an I.R.A. town. The British expected the gunmen—some even disguised in stolen army uniforms—to be there in force for the march.

Anticipating trouble, the army reinforced its troops in the province with the 550-man 2nd Battalion of The Light Infantry and threw up roadblocks in an intensive search for arms and terrorists. Civil rights leaders called the presence of the troops a provocation—a word that the British and Ulster Protestants thought might be better applied to the scheduled demonstration. Appeals to call off the march came from the Prime Ministers of Britain and Ulster and the Roman Catholic Primate of All Ireland, William Cardinal Conway, but all went unheeded. The fuse was lit, and the fire was ready.

The previous Sunday—Jan. 30, 1972—had already been inscribed in the terrible dark memories of the Irish people as "Bloody Sunday." On that bright, wintry afternoon, a march in the Catholic ghetto of Londonderry called the Bogside suddenly turned into

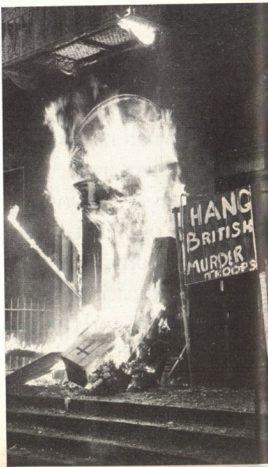
a brief but violent battle between the marchers and British troops. When the shooting stopped, 13 people lay dead in one of the bloodiest disasters since the "troubles" between Ulster's Protestant majority and Catholic minority began almost four years ago. The incident seemed to end almost all hope of a peaceful settlement in Northern Ireland. Not since the executions that followed Dublin's 1916 Easter Rising have Catholic Irishmen, North and South, been so inflamed against Britain and so determined to see Ireland united in one republic at last.

**Direct Defiance.** The Bogside demonstration, which was organized by the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association, was a Catholic protest against the internment of I.R.A. suspects. It was also a defiant challenge to Prime Minister Brian Faulkner's twelve-month extension of a ban on parades in Ulster by Catholics and Protestants alike. Somewhere between 3,000 and 15,000 Catholics had gathered in Londonderry, where British troops in 1969 were first called in to protect Catholics from rioting Protestants. Last week, as the demonstrators moved down William Street toward the Bogside, they sang, among other songs, *We Shall Overcome*, the anthem of U.S. civil rights marches during the '60s. In burned-out buildings and on nearby rooftops along the route, British soldiers watched and waited.

Precisely how the shooting started is not clear, and the matter is now subject to a judicial inquiry undertaken by Britain's Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Widgery. What is certain is that trouble began as the march was ending, and just as the first speaker, Member of Parliament Bernadette Devlin, began to address the crowd. At the foot of William Street, where British troops had blocked the entrance to Londonderry's main business district with armored cars and barbed-wire barricades, there was the clatter of stones, bottles and bits of steel as the troops were attacked by what the army described as "200 or 300 young hoodlums." The army responded, first with gas grenades and rubber bullets—ugly black projectiles half as thick as beer cans—then with water cannons that sprayed the crowd with purple dye.

Soon Saracen armored cars roared into the Bogside, and out jumped paratroopers wearing camouflage suits and red berets. Some of the paras, swing-

## BRITISH EMBASSY BURNING IN DUBLIN



DEMONSTRATORS RUN AS BRITISH TROOPS DISMOUNT FROM ARMORED CARS





ONE OF DERRY'S 13 DEAD



BERNADETTE DEVLIN AT MARCH



ing their clubs, charged at the retreating crowd and arrested 43 men and boys. Meanwhile, other soldiers took up positions beside buildings and began firing. As bullets whistled down the long stretch of Rossville Street toward the Free Derry corner where a lorry used as the speaker's platform stood, people ran, dived and crawled for cover. The speakers and march organizers flattened themselves against the top of the lorry to keep from being hit. Around them the air was filled with the cries of the wounded and dying.

The shooting lasted 18 minutes, and it ended with dreadful statistics: 13 Catholics had died and 17 others had been wounded. Among the victims, all between the ages of 16 and 41, was a father of seven children.

Lord Widgery's inquest will try to establish who fired first, whether the paras were justified in their actions, and whether, as the Catholics firmly believe, the troops were acting under specific orders from Stormont, seat of the hated Ulster government. A British army spokesman insisted that the paratroopers had been attacked first with nail bombs and "a total of 200 rounds of ammunition fired indiscriminately in the general direction of the soldiers." He also said that the troops had fired only at "identified targets"—meaning gunmen and terrorists of the outlawed I.R.A. The British claimed that four of the dead men were on their "wanted" list, but they were not named, nor were their alleged weapons produced.

The army's immediate report was later corroborated by Lord Balniel, Minister of State for Defense, in an address to Britain's House of Commons. According to his account, as the soldiers were arresting rioters, "they came under fire from gunmen, nail bombers and petrol bombers. Between 4:17 and 4:35 p.m., a number of these men were engaged. Some gunmen and bombers were certainly hit and some almost cer-

tainly killed. The soldiers fired in self-defense, or in defense of their comrades who were threatened. I reject entirely the suggestion that they fired indiscriminately into a peaceful and innocent crowd."

Other witnesses insisted that that was precisely what the soldiers had done. They denied that any shots had been fired at the troops before the killing began. The militant Provisional wing of the I.R.A., which vowed revenge, inferentially admitted that it had been involved in the later stages of battle. But the I.R.A.'s Derry command issued a statement: "At no time did any of our units open fire on the British army prior to the army's opening fire." The statement added that the Derry command had specifically "ordered all weapons out of the total march area" that Sunday morning in order to avoid civilian casualties.

**The First Shot.** Another witness was Bernadette Devlin, the only Westminster M.P. present at Bloody Sunday. In her account of the incident to Commons, she insisted that "the first shot fired came from the British army wounding a civilian below the knee." Then she spoke of the panicked people, who were fleeing and falling. "It was a sight I never want to see again: thousands and thousands of people lying flat on their faces on the ground. I was lying on my mouth and nose." While prone, she tried "to tell the people to keep their heads down and on no account to rise any higher than their knees, but to crawl—crawl in the streets of their own city, on their hands and knees—out of the line of fire. That is what they did."

Bernadette's account of Bloody Sunday was delivered in low, almost theatrically whispered tones. The day before, though, she was the noisy protagonist of a highly unusual parliamentary drama. To a packed and impassioned Commons, Home Secretary Reginald Maudling, who is responsible for Ulster affairs, announced that the

FUNERAL IN LONDONDERRY FOR CATHOLICS SHOT BY BRITISH PARATROOPERS



MOURNERS WITH SYMBOLIC CROSSES



## THE WORLD

government was setting up an inquiry into the tragic events in Londonderry. However, Maudling echoed the army's argument that the troops "returned the fire directed at them with aimed shots and inflicted a number of casualties on those who were attacking them with firearms and with bombs." At this point Devlin leaped to her feet on a point of order. When her objection was curtly dismissed by the Speaker, she shrieked, "Is it in order for the Minister to lie to the House?" As pandemonium broke loose, Laborite Hugh Delargy bellowed that the paratroopers would go down in history "with the same odium" as the hated Black and Tans of the 1920s.

**Glasses Askew.** Maudling tried to continue, but Bernadette was up again, yelling, "Nobody shot at the paratroopers, but somebody will shortly." She also called Maudling "that murdering hypocrite." Suddenly, as the Speaker of the House struggled to maintain order, Bernadette stalked to the center of the chamber and threw herself bodily on the Home Secretary. Arms and legs flailing, she punched, scratched and spit at Maudling, knocking his glasses askew and tearing at his hair. For a few seconds, the stunned House sat and watched. Then Tory M.P.s pulled Bernadette away from the embattled Home Secretary. As she was escorted from the chamber, a group of women in the visitors' gallery shouted "Murder! Murder!" In less than five minutes, the civil-righteous little spitfire returned. Defending her attack on Maudling, she shouted, "I did not shoot him in the back, which is what they did to our people!"

The debate in Commons produced little more than bitterness and disagreement. It also indicated that Bloody Sunday had radicalized many of the

\* The next day *Hansard*, the official record of parliamentary debates, reported the incident in a single word: "Interruption."

Ulster moderates—notably members of the nonviolent Social and Democratic Labor Party—who until then had still hoped for a rational political solution. A case in point is Gerald Fitt, 45, a Catholic who represents both a district in the Ulster Parliament and the constituency of Belfast West in Britain's Commons. "Until last Sunday," Fitt told the Commons, "I regarded myself as a man of moderation. I have consistently condemned violence." But because of Bloody Sunday, he said, "whether we like it or not, the British army is no longer acceptable in Belfast, Derry or anywhere else in Northern Ireland. It is seen as acting in support of a discredited and corrupt Unionist government." (The Unionist Party favors continued ties with Britain.) And he added, "I tell the Home Secretary that the marches will continue. They will continue next weekend in Newry, and then the following week and the week after that, until the internment problem is tackled by the Westminster government, because it is the only government that can tackle it."

**Futile Exercise.** Bloody Sunday made it clear to all that the 15,000-man British army force, which is technically under Stormont's control but is independent in practice, has not yet reduced violence in Ulster to "an acceptable level," as Maudling recently described its aim. The Londonderry killings, moreover, succeeded only in polarizing still further Ulster's divided Catholic and Protestant communities—and in strengthening the hands of extremists on both sides. The recently split Unionist ranks now have closed behind Faulkner and his no-nonsense rejection of any form of Irish unification. From Stormont came cold statements blaming the marchers for "a meaningless and futile terrorist exercise." The typical Protestant worker's reaction was expressed by one laborer in a Belfast pub last week when he said, "I wish it had been 1,300 of the bastards."

On the Catholic side, the killings immensely increased the influence of the I.R.A. terrorists, who now have more applicants than they can possibly train. Internment had confirmed the Catholics' worst fears about the Protestant-dominated Stormont government: that its ultimate answer to Catholic political and civil rights demands would be naked sectarian repression. No Unionist Prime Minister, they feel, can ever survive while ignoring the extremist Orangemen's call to "make the Croppies [Catholics] lie down." For Catholics, the Derry shootings have now added weight to the I.R.A.'s claim that the real enemy is the British government at Westminster. Says Oliver Napier, vice chairman of the nonsectarian Al-

## IRELAND ON FIRE



liance Party: "Sooner or later, [the I.R.A.] has been saying, British troops would put the boot in good and hard. People have been half expecting this. Sunday in Derry has fitted the piece of the jigsaw in. My personal view is that the risk of civil war here has never been greater."

An all-Irish civil war is also feared by Eire's Prime Minister John Lynch, who decried the Derry killings as an "unprovoked attack on unarmed civilians." Just last month Lynch started a crackdown on I.R.A. gunmen who have been making raids across the border from hideouts in the Irish Republic. Two weeks ago, Eire police arrested seven gunmen after a shootout between the Provos and a British army patrol near the Ulster border at Dungooley. Faced with rising popular support for the I.R.A. in the aftermath of Bloody Sunday, Lynch will find it very difficult to continue his antiterrorist campaign. Instead, he recalled his ambassador to Britain for consultations, and dispatched Irish Foreign Minister Patrick J. Hillery to U.N. headquarters in New York, in hopes of pressuring the British there to change their policy in Ulster. "We do not intend to go to war," Lynch warned at week's end, "but the activities of British soldiers could lead to a war situation."

**"Hitler Is Alive."** Underscoring Lynch's fears was an outbreak of anti-British violence in Eire last week. As the country observed a day of mourning on Wednesday for the 13 Derry dead, a mob of Dubliners estimated at as many as 30,000 stormed and burned the British embassy in Merion Square. Police stood by helplessly as petrol bombs rained down on the 18th century Georgian building, which had been vacated the previous day for fear

LAST RITES FOR A DYING DEMONSTRATOR





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of attacks. The crowd shouted "Burn, baby, burn!" when the roof caved in, and a placard read ADOLF HITLER IS ALIVE AND LIVING IN 10 DOWNING STREET. Lynch apologized for the incident, which he said had been carried out by "a small minority" of subversives. He offered to reimburse the British government for the \$255,000 in damages, but he could not promise to control the anti-British sentiment.

That feeling was running strong in the Republic all week long. A bomb damaged Dublin's monument to the Duke of Wellington. Airport workers refused to service British airplanes, forcing flight cancellations. Toward the end of the week a mob of more than 1,000 badly damaged the British Railways office in Cork with fire bombs.

**Black Flags.** To demonstrate Ireland's sense of solidarity with the Catholics in the North, five members of Lynch's Cabinet, as well as mayors of nine Eire cities, attended the mass funeral in Londonderry for the 13 victims of Bloody Sunday. Cardinal Conway presided over the hour-long service at St. Mary's Church. Outside, 10,000 mourners prayed in a bleak, icy rain. As the throng murmured in unison, "May the angels lead you into paradise, martyrs await your coming," a woman groaned, "No, no, no." "Jimmy, my lover boy," sobbed another woman, upon seeing one of the 13 identical hardwood coffins. "He was only 17," moaned a third.

In town, all shops were closed, and from almost every window in the Bogside and Creggan ghettos black flags were displayed. In Stewartstown, some 50 miles away, a Catholic pub that stayed open was bombed and one man was killed—thereby raising to 234 the number of dead in Ulster since the summer of 1969. Mourners also marked the spots where the victims had fallen and died with flags, crude crosses and rosaries.

Londonderry remained quiet that night; it was said that the I.R.A. was observing a truce until the obsequies were finished. But the violence did not stop completely. In Belfast, a sniper killed a British sentry. A 100-lb. gelignite bomb exploded in a downtown department store, wounding nine civilians and two policemen. Two soldiers were slightly injured by sniper fire in the Catholic Andersonstown district. After the funeral it was business as usual for the terrorists and their sympathizers. In the Lower Falls Road district of Belfast, Catholics rioted for more than four hours and pelted army patrols.

During the week there were more than 200 such incidents. Then came last Sunday and Newry. And next Sunday? One of the bleakest realities of Ulster now is that almost every weekend can produce yet another Bloody Sunday—as long as the marches go on and the troops are there and the gunmen are seeking revenge.

## BANGLADESH

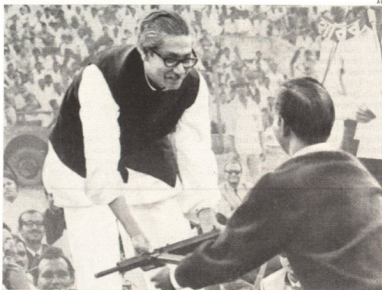
### Recognizing Reality

Bangladesh is gaining recognition. Last week Britain, West Germany and ten other Western states formally recognized the new nation, bringing to 29 the number of countries that have established diplomatic relations with the government of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. Britain's decision, Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home told the House of Commons shortly before he left for a visit to India, "recognized the reality of what has happened in the area over the past month, and will be the beginning for us of a new era of friendship and cooperation with all the countries of the subcontinent."

Recognition by Britain, even

Commonwealth status, Pakistan was quitting it. Then Bhutto flew to Peking, where the Chinese agreed to convert \$110 million in loans to Pakistan into grants and to defer payment of a \$200 million loan made last year.

For all its diplomatic conquests, Bangladesh was still coping with internal turmoil. In two Dacca suburbs bitter fighting broke out between Bengalis and members of the hated pro-Pakistan Bihari minority. The incident apparently began when some Pakistani soldiers, who had escaped capture by hiding among Bihari sympathizers since the surrender in December, began firing at refugees returning to claim their homes. Troops of the Bangladesh army were sent in to flush them out. In the fighting, at least 100 Bengali troops were reported killed or wound-



SHEIKH MUJIB RECEIVING ARMS FROM MUKTI BAHINI AT DACCA CEREMONY  
Also a plea for tolerance and forgiveness.

though it had been expected for some time, was cause for jubilation in Dacca. Smiling, Mujib told newsmen that his country would join the Commonwealth. The alliance is expected to serve as a balance to Bangladesh ties with the Soviet Union, a staunch ally of the Bengalis in the nine-month civil war with West Pakistan.

**Not the Last.** An unanswered question is what Washington will do about Bangladesh. The State Department said last week that recognition "is not under active consideration," although Administration sources have suggested that the U.S. "would not be the last" to recognize Bangladesh. President Nixon is still angry at India for going to war with Pakistan. The Administration also wants to give Pakistani President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto time to establish some form of association with Mujib's government—unlikely as that link now seems.

While Bangladesh approached

ed, as well as an undisclosed number of civilians.

At a huge arms surrender ceremony in Dacca, Mujib pleaded for tolerance and forgiveness for the Biharis. The Mukti Bahini turned in at least 20,000 weapons at the ceremony, and government officials were satisfied that the number of arms yet to be collected from the guerrilla army was small.

Inevitably, however, Bengali passions were further inflamed by new discoveries of atrocities committed by the Pakistani army. No one was safe from the bloodbath; in the last days before the surrender, Pakistani troops killed Indian army prisoners and even their own wounded. In three sites near the city of Khulna, great piles of human skulls and skeletons led observers to estimate that 100,000 people died in that area alone. To determine the full extent of the carnage, Mujib has ordered a house-to-house census throughout the country.

## ISRAEL

### Absorbing an Aliyah

Twelve years ago, David Ben-Gurion, who was then Israel's Premier, advised his countrymen to prepare for what would "possibly be the greatest event in our history." He was referring to the "great day" when the gates of Israel would be opened to accept masses of Soviet Jews. Ben-Gurion's prophecy is now coming true: the gates are indeed swinging wide for the largest wave of Russian Jews to leave their homeland since the days of the czarist pogroms. Last year 15,000 arrived, against only 1,000 in 1970; this year, 45,000 are expected. If the flow continues at this pace—something that depends on the mercurial emigration policies of Soviet authorities—500,000 Russian Jews will have landed in Israel by the end of the '70s.

Under the Law of Return, Israel offers citizenship and a new homeland to any Jew. Thus there is no question that the vast hordes of those leaving the Soviet Union will all be accepted. But the immigration for which Israelis and Jews elsewhere have so passionately agitated is beginning to pose serious problems for Israel. Taking care of the immigrants has put an almost impossible burden on Israel's already strained economic resources. This year the government has allotted \$650 million to pro-

DAVID RUBINER



RUSSIAN IMMIGRANTS WAITING FOR FLIGHT TO ISRAEL AT VIENNA AIRPORT  
We have to forget what happened at Chop.

vide for newcomers: even the sacrosanct defense budget had to be slashed to help find the money. U.S. bond holders, Israel's biggest outside benefactors, have been asked for a record \$450 million this year. Last week both Defense Minister Moshe Dayan and Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir were in the U.S. to do some fund-raising.

The new money is needed to transport the immigrants to Israel by air from Vienna (see box), teach them He-

brew, and retrain specialists whose Russian skills—dentistry and law, for instance—are inadequate by Israeli standards. New housing must also be provided, since Israel is chronically short of living space.

Crash spending, however, can do little to mitigate the psychological strains created by this latest *aliyah* (immigration wave). "These Russians," says Minister of Immigrant Absorption Nathan Peled, who came to Israel from

### The Journey to Israel

The trip from Moscow to Israel for Russia's emigrating Jews includes a two-day train trip or three-hour flight to Vienna, a 24-hour layover there for processing by Israeli immigration officials, and finally another three-hour flight to Israel. For those who make the journey, often after months or years of waiting, it is very close to being a religious experience, as TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin discovered last week when he boarded a refugee train at the Austrian border village of Hohenau.

**W**E are going to Israel without a stop. We have to forget what happened at Chop." A rabbi at the Schönau processing center, in a 12th century castle outside Vienna, sometimes croons this and other homemade balalaika ditties to Russian wayfarers in order to ease the tension. Chop is a town on the Soviet-Hungarian border through which some of them passed by train. It was the scene of their last encounter with Russian officials, and one of the least pleasant.

"The Russian customs men—may their names be forgotten—tore the sable collar off my coat and kept it," complains a middle-aged woman from Odessa. Another woman protests that Soviet guards pried the stones from her rings; with a cold laugh, a companion says that they took her rings altogether. Still another woman describes an internal examination by a doctor searching for valuables or "papers." The departing Jews have already paid \$560 each in rubles in order to renounce Soviet citizenship and \$448 more for new travel documents. When they complain of delays, the guards snarl, "Zhidovskaya morda [kike face]. For us, you people are not even human beings."

After such treatment, the travelers are wary and withdrawn when they arrive in Austria. "They're easy to spot," says an Israeli official in Vienna. "They always ride the last

two cars. But if you have any doubts, just call out 'Shalom aleichem [peace be with you].'"

The emigrants are there in the overheated rear coaches, smelling of the garlic, goat's cheese, cooked eggs and potatoes that nourished them through the 1,240-mile trip from Moscow. "The air in here is not too fresh," says David Fish, 45, building engineer from Vilna. "But now it is free, and it is good to breathe free air." The Soviet trainman sighs, "I don't understand why Jews must leave Russia," he says. "We live well together." Another traveler, a landscape architect, explains with mock seriousness: "You see, in Russia it is very cold. But in Israel it is very warm, and Jews like warmth."

When the processing in the old castle near Vienna is over, the groups are bused to Vienna's Schwechat Airport for a night flight to Israel. Every seat in the plane is quickly filled; as it rolls down the runway, some emigrants recite the traditional prayer for a safe journey. One man cries out, "Shema, Yisrael, Adonay Eloheinu Adonay Ehad [Hear, O Israel, The Lord our God, The Lord is One]."

Aloft, only the children can sleep. Gerson Mazin, 60, of Odessa, has waited 35 years for this night. "This is Israeli territory," he says. "So please now address me by my Hebrew name 'Gershon' instead of 'German.'"

As the sun comes up over Israel, the steward makes an announcement: "You are now over Tel Aviv. Blessed be your coming." The 707 wheels, dips and lands lightly; as it does, the passengers burst into applause and patriotic Hebrew songs. "God bless Golda Meir," shouts an exuberant Georgian. Gershon Mazin sings an old Zionist song, *Peace to you, O Jerusalem*.

Mazin studies a Lod Airport sign and says, "This is reality. This is not a dream. No, it cannot be true. This must be a film. It just isn't real. It just isn't real." Walking toward the desks where processing will be completed, he pauses and grabs his wife's arm. "Look, here," he says. "That man in uniform. He's a Jewish policeman."

Russia 39 years ago, "come with high potential. But before they realize it, they must come to terms with a new kind of society that has its rich and poor, primitive and highly cultured, socialist and capitalist, religious and secular." Most of the immigrants, for instance, are totally baffled by such routine fiscal necessities as checking accounts and bank loans. Accustomed to scarcity, they are suspicious of well-stocked supermarkets. Most of the Russians are obviously familiar with short-wave broadcasts by Israel's government radio; they complain that "Kol [meaning voice of] Israel" misled them by not mentioning crime in the Promised Land or the fact that not all Israelis are devoutly religious. A handful, disenfranchised by it all, returned to Russia.

The decision to leave Russia was traumatic for many emigrants. No other dissidents are allowed to leave the Soviet Union, and Russians consider Jewish departures an act of betrayal; thus anti-Semitism intensifies after they decide to go. An oil engineer recalls being hauled before a meeting of 300 fellow workers. "You should be sent to Siberia, not Israel," one of them told him angrily. As a result they tend to clannishness when they reach Israel. About 15% decline government offers to locate them and move in with relatives instead. "They usually find," says an absorption ministry worker, "that after the first five days the picnic is over and the relatives want them out. Then they come back to us."

**Overly Pampered.** Many Israelis, both natives and absorbed, resent the reclusive habits of the newcomers from Russia and the attention paid to them by the government. One widespread complaint is that they are overly pampered. Watching an El Al 747 jet arrive from Vienna recently with 326 immigrants aboard, a waitress at Lod Airport's restaurant summed up the mood. "These Russians should only be well and find their place in Israel," she said. "But why we have to give them such big apartments and spoil them the way we do, I don't know. When I came with my husband from Poland, we got nothing. We lived in a tent." University students protest that immigrants receive priority in admissions, on-campus jobs and housing over Israelis returning to school after compulsory military service.

The bitterest complaints come from Israel's 1,500,000 Sephardic (Oriental) Jews, many of them villagers from Africa, Asia and Arab nations, who constitute a minority in Israel. At least 20% of its population exist at or below poverty level; most of these are Sephardic Jews. "If the government spends \$35,000 to absorb a Russian family," asks David Sittin, leader of Israel's Sephardic community, "why does it not spend the same amount to help our people who were immigrants themselves 20 years ago and never got what the Russians are getting?" Adds

Charley Biton, Moroccan-born leader of a Sephardic youth gang that has consciously modeled itself on America's Black Panthers, "I don't care if Russian Jews come, but I don't want it at the expense of us Orientals."

Taking account of Sephardic resentment, the government, from the tight new budget adopted last month by the Cabinet, is also allocating funds to fight poverty. A total of \$250 million over the next five years will be used to improve or build housing for 47,000 families living below the poverty line; other funds will be spent on day-care centers and job-training for school dropouts like Charley Biton. But if a fiscal crunch comes, priorities are clear. "Defense and immigration must come first," Golda Meir has told the nation.



BREZHNEV WELCOMING SADAT AT MOSCOW AIRPORT

## MIDDLE EAST

### Rounding Up the Strays

In trying to achieve an interim Middle East peace agreement, the U.S. often resembles a sheep dog straining to keep its flock together: as fast as one errant lamb is maneuvered back into line, another one darts away. Last year Washington conceived the idea of "proximity discussions," in which the Egyptians, who refuse to negotiate directly with the Israelis, could do so through a third party, probably U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco. When the idea was first proposed last year, Egypt agreed but Israel held out. Secretary of State William Rogers had proposed a six-point plan for the opening of the Suez Canal to serve as a possible blueprint for the talks; Israel protested that the U.S. was acting more like an arbiter than a mediator. Last week, after lengthy discussions the Israelis finally agreed to negotiate.

Israel received substantial benefits for agreeing to take part, so much so that Israeli-American relations have risen from an alltime low last fall to a new high. For one thing, the U.S. decided to deliver 40 or so Phantom jets that Premier Golda Meir had sought to buy for a year. The Administration has indicated that the planes will be shipped piecemeal and for only as long as Israel continues to be cooperative. In an election year, however, Nixon is not likely to hold back on jets that have become a symbol of American support for Israel.

**Nonconsenting.** In addition, Sisco and Israeli Ambassador Yitzhak Rabin have worked out certain "clarifications" of the U.S. role in the negotiations. Washington will be free to propose solutions if deadlocks arise or arrangements falter. Any new U.S. suggestions will be broached privately to Israel, instead of being sprung publicly as Rogers' six points were last fall. "We're happy with the arrangement," says one Israeli diplomat in Washington. "It provides a satisfactory link between two nonconsenting adults."

The timing of last week's announcement of agreement in Jerusalem was hardly accidental. It coincided with a trip to Moscow by Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, who angrily maintains that he has broken all contacts with the U.S. on any talks. Thus Sadat, instead of Golda Meir, could now be cast as the reluctant party. The U.S. is hopeful that Sadat, after he returns to Cairo, will decide to take part in the discussions, which have been dubbed "hotel talks" because, in one proposed formulation, all three parties would be housed in a single hotel.

Unfortunately, the Egyptian attitude toward the U.S. has cooled as that of the Israelis has grown warmer, and for the same reason: the agreement on the Phantoms. As one Cairo journalist puts it: "How can anyone depict Washington as an honest broker? The White House has already dealt the cards to the other side." Beyond that, Egypt's mood after four years of no peace, no war is one of frustration; demonstrating university students in Cairo three weeks ago demanded that the country go to war, even if it loses. Sadat, though he is no longer confident that he can recover Sinai, has promised war but he will not say when. To the despair of Egyptians, Russians and Americans, Sadat painted himself into a corner last year by proclaiming "a year of decision," then neatly got out of his predicament by telling countrymen that the India-Pakistan war had postponed Middle East

confrontations. Visiting troops at Aswan last week just before he left for Moscow, Sadat told them: "The decision for the battle has been taken and is not debatable." Then he added: "I will set the new zero hour after I have talked to the Soviet leaders."

**Unofficial Visit.** Since Sadat was in Moscow only four months ago and was lavishly received by Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev, his latest trip was simply billed as a "friendly unofficial visit." The Russians confined it to working sessions and laid on no banquets, although Brezhnev extended to Sadat the courtesy of an airport greeting. If Egypt's President had gone to Moscow to seek new offensive weapons for the war he hopes to wage against Israel, he was disappointed. A joint communiqué issued at meeting's end spoke vaguely of strengthening Egypt's military capability, but there was no hint of a promise of additional arms.

Actually, the Soviet view—particularly with Nixon due to visit Moscow in May—is that a political solution is the desired course. The Russians are not anxious to see Washington earn credit for it, however. Thus last week's communiqué made no mention of the hotel talks or Israel's readiness to negotiate. Instead the Soviets and Egyptians called for the resumption of other, broader peace talks under the aegis of United Nations Mediator Gunnar Jarring; these discussions have been stalled for a year. Israel dislikes Jarring's approach. He has shown himself more rigid than Rogers by pressing for commitments from Jerusalem on borders before real negotiations begin, and the Israelis are resisting his efforts. If they continue to do so, and if Sadat shies away from the hotel talks, the sheep dog will have to go to work again, rounding up the strays.

JOEY SMALLWOOD AS JOURNALIST



## CANADA

## No More Hurrahs

"Almighty God said, 'I think I'll raise him up to persuade Newfoundlanders to join Canada. If he persuades them, Newfoundland is going to need a Premier.'" And that, as Joey Smallwood liked to confide at political gatherings, was more or less how he came to be called, in one of his favorite phrases, "the Only Living Father of Confederation." Others prefer to describe him as the "Kwame Nkrumah of Newfoundland." Until he retired last week from the province's Liberal Party leadership after 23 years of almost absolute power, Smallwood was one of the Western Hemisphere's most benign demagogues and Canada's most

DUCK GREEN

AND CAMPAIGNING (1971)  
The only living father.

entertaining politician. As he often put it: "I'm sort of a tourist attraction."

Characteristically, Smallwood until the last minute had Canada's wintry, easternmost province in an uproar over whether, at 71, he might somehow hear a call to remain in politics, or even wangle his way back into office. Narrowly defeated by his Conservative opponents last October, he had challenged the results in court and held on to the premiership until mid-January. Newfoundland's Liberals named as party leader Smallwood's former executive assistant and onetime local health minister Ed Roberts, 31. Said Smallwood: "There's no future for me whatsoever. I'm through with politics."

A little man with the face of a thoughtful, testy owl, Smallwood ran his "poor, bald rock," as he once called Newfoundland, as a personal fiefdom. Nonetheless, he was dearly loved by most of the 500,000 Newfies—"a community of Irish mystics cut adrift in the

Atlantic," in the colorful phrase of Novelist Paul West—and his picture adorned the poorest living rooms in tiny fishing ports with names like Blowme-down and Come-by-Chance. Newfoundland admired Joey simply for being his outrageous self: he would sneer at the Tories for being the "waffle-iron salesmen" of the merchant classes, and once, at a political rally, he took off his shoes and wiggled his toes to prove that "I don't have hooves and horns."

**Salesman.** The son of a lumber surveyor who died of alcoholism, Joey was a school dropout at 15. His first full-time job was as a reporter for a newspaper in St. John's. Smitten with socialism, he emigrated to New York City, where he wrote inflammatory stories for the socialist daily *Call*. Returning to Newfoundland in 1925, Joey became a labor leader and at one point "walked myself down to skin and grief" over 600 miles of railroad track to organize the section men.

Newfoundland was a British dependency at the time. When Britain offered the islanders the choice of independence or union with Canada after World War II, Smallwood saw opportunity, rallied the proconfederation forces to win a hard-fought referendum and took over the premiership.

Smallwood promised to bring his people the "benefits that the rest of North America takes for granted"—meaning free public education, electricity and roads in the outports. The benefits also included jobs, and Joey was an able, almost irresistible salesman for his province on his frequent trips abroad. He personally badgered Winston Churchill into approving British support for the \$1 billion hydroelectric development now being built at Churchill Falls. In 1965 Smallwood visited Helsinki on an industry-scouting trip with Richard Nixon, then a corporate lawyer; Joey accompanied Nixon on a side trip to Moscow and proposed, at Moscow University, that the former Vice President and Nikita Khrushchev run for President of each other's country.

In Smallwood's time as Premier he brought to the province about 40 industrial projects worth nearly \$2 billion. Trouble was, Joey often did not much care where the money came from or how it was spent. He guaranteed loans of \$121 million for his crony John Doyle, a Chicago-born industrialist who once jumped bail in the U.S. rather than serve a jail term for violating Security and Exchange Commission regulations. (Joey's answer to criticism of Doyle: "Whoever became a millionaire by teaching Sunday school?") In recent years, Smallwood grew increasingly dogmatic. Once, when a minister rose in the legislature to answer an opposition question, Smallwood snapped, "Sit down—don't answer that." The minister sat.

In the end, the benefits Joey



brought Newfoundland created the beginnings of a modern society—and one that no longer needed him. By last fall Tory Leader Frank Moores, who is now Premier, was able to find a ready audience for his promise to end "government by impulse." Joey, of course, left a large legacy; before giving up office he endowed friends and supporters with judgeships and other appointments and granted yet another government loan to his friend Doyle. In retirement he plans to write "an autobiography or a great history of Newfoundland." Either way, it will undoubtedly be the same book.

## UNITED NATIONS

### Innocuousness Abroad

From time to time, United Nations delegates have complained about New York's crime rate and high cost of living and suggested that the world organization move elsewhere. Last week the Security Council met in Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia, which is a bracing and breathtaking 8,500 ft. above sea level. The experimental session was convened on a tight budget of \$106,000 in answer to a request by the U.N.'s 41 African members that the council look into the continent's problems on the spot.

Breaking a longstanding tradition that only U.N. members can address the Security Council, the delegates heard from nine African guerrilla movements variously trying to liberate South Africa, Southwest Africa, Rhodesia, Angola, Mozambique and Portuguese Guinea. Given the setting, the delegates were clearly under pressure to produce resolutions favorable to the liberation movements—at the expense of the Western powers. One resolution demanded that Britain scrap its proposed agreement with the government of Rhodesia (TIME, Dec. 6) and call a constitutional conference with African participation to decide that country's future. Britain's ambassador Sir Colin Crowe replied quietly that "my government cannot accept a directive to change its policy while it is being worked out" and cast the sole veto of the session.

The Security Council adopted a more or less moderate version of the expectable anti-apartheid resolution. A phrase, suggested by African delegates, that called upon all states "to deny military cooperation to the South African government" was dropped at the request of Britain, which would otherwise have been forced to break its agreement to help South Africa patrol the region's sea lanes. Even so, France abstained, since the resolution also called for strict observance of a U.N. arms embargo to South Africa, which Paris has chosen to ignore. Half a dozen countries—the U.S. among them—ab-

stained for similar reasons on a resolution that called on all nations to deny arms to Portugal to "continue its repression of the people of the territories under its administration." Washington recently signed an agreement with Lisbon promising it nearly \$500 million worth of aid, part of which is in military supplies.

"The last thing that Africa expects from us," said the Sudan's Foreign Minister Mansour Khalid during the session, "is an innocuous resolution

that couches the incredible in the unintelligible." The Council did not do that badly, but it did not accomplish very much either. The fact remains that the delegates have passed a total of 128 resolutions on African problems during meetings in New York over the past 26 years. Convening the Security Council in Addis Ababa may have made Africans more aware of the problem of working out an acceptable compromise, but did not make the resolutions any more effective.

## INTERNATIONAL NOTES

### Curbing a Naval Race?

In the past few months, the U.S. has been greatly concerned about the Soviet naval buildup in the Indian Ocean. Last December, for instance, Washington signed an agreement that ensures U.S. naval vessels continued access to Bahrain, now that the British have abandoned their base there. More recently, the Pentagon announced that there would be frequent patrols in the Indian Ocean by units of the Pacific-based Seventh Fleet.

It now appears that Washington was simultaneously making efforts through diplomatic channels to prevent the buildup altogether. Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs U. Alexis Johnson allowed that the Administration had asked Moscow for a mutual curbing of naval forces in the Indian Ocean. Last year the Soviets hinted that such an agreement might be possible; so far, though, they have not responded to the latest American initiative.

### Quest for a Criminal

Of all the Nazi war criminals, few were more hated by the French than Klaus Barbie, former chief of the Gestapo in Lyon. In 1954 a French military court condemned him to death *in absentia* for killing the wartime underground leader Jean Moulin. Barbie then was living comfortably in West Germany and could not be extradited, because Germany, like most countries, does not allow the extradition of its own nationals. A few years later, Barbie disappeared.

The French are convinced that Barbie is alive and well—in the person of a wealthy naturalized Bolivian businessman named Klaus Altmann, who undeniably bears a strong resemblance to the missing Nazi (see cuts). Returning to La Paz from a trip to Peru two weeks ago, Altmann declared on Bolivian television that he had served with the SS in France and Holland and on the eastern front, but was not Barbie. Even though they tend to agree with French officers who insist that Altmann is Barbie, Bolivian authorities have not decided what to do about a French extradi-



BARBIE (1941)

ALTMANN (1971)

tion request. But, in the meantime, they have jailed him on charges of owing \$4,000 to the Bolivian Development Corporation—perhaps in order to prevent him from fleeing to a more secure sanctuary such as Paraguay.

### The Premier and the Fisc

French taxpayers have grown accustomed to hearing Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas exhort them to make sacrifices for their country and its economy. Thus they were a bit surprised to read in the satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* last month that Chaban had paid not a centime in income taxes on the approximately \$30,000 a year he earned between 1966 and 1969. One year, in fact, he had asked the fisc (tax bureau) for an \$800 refund. It was all perfectly legal; Chaban had only taken full advantage of exemptions contained in the country's cumbersome, inequitable tax laws. But as *Le Canard* observed, he had established "a French record difficult to beat."

To make matters worse, the paper has now published a 1970 letter from Chaban to Edouard Dega, then a Paris income tax inspector. *Le Canard* implied that Chaban had tried to use his official position to bring pressure on the fisc. Since then, Dega has been arrested on charges of helping rich Parisians to cheat on their taxes, and is currently in Fresnes Prison.

## UGANDA

### Big Daddy

Twenty years ago, when he was a mere corporal in the King's African Rifles, Idi Amin Dada had a vision that told him some day he would be ruler of all Uganda. It was an accurate prediction. Last month General Amin, now 44, celebrated the first anniversary of his accession to Uganda's presidency after leading a coup that ousted the demagogic Milton Obote. There was a massive parade through the streets of Kampala, Uganda's capital, which featured a band in kilts and busbies marching to the skirl of bagpipes and sinuous dances by women from the Karamoja area dressed in colorful bras and wood-bark skirts. In all, more than 100,000 celebrating Ugandans, representing most of the nation's 39 tribes and four regions, gathered to pay tribute to the mercurial leader who is familiarly known to his people as "Big Daddy."

Daddy is big indeed. A former heavyweight champion of Uganda—he retired undefeated in 1960—Amin packs about 240 lbs. on his chunky 6-ft. 3-in. frame. He is also not your ordinary, everyday military dictator. A devout Moslem who detests hashish and miniskirts with equal fervor, he has four wives, three of whom take turns acting as official hostesses at presidential tea parties in Kampala. On Uganda's hotter days, Amin is likely to show up at hotel pools clad only in a pair of faded blue shorts.

Amiable and approachable, he frequently answers his own phone in the President's office, spends hours dispensing off-the-cuff advice to callers with problems. Big Daddy lives modestly enough, but he does have a \$3,000,000 Israeli-built personal jet, which he has used to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, among other trips. He rockets around Kampala at breakneck speed in his own Jeep. Last year a military policeman warned him against speeding; Amin cheerfully accepted the reprimand. "It just goes to show," he said, "that I am not above the law."

**Rough Justice.** In Uganda, Amin is the law, and he is clearly in no hurry to return Uganda to civilian rule. Currently, all Cabinet members are forced to accept commissions as junior officers in the army, which handily makes them subject to courts-martial in cases of malfeasance. Amin, though, pays relatively little attention

to his Cabinet. Much of the nation's business is conducted at *barazas*—informal, impromptu powwows at which Big Daddy sits down with tribesmen, hears their complaints and dispenses rough justice.

Amin's methods have endeared him to the people, but they have done nothing to solve Uganda's vast economic problems, which he characteristically blames on the "corruption" of Obote's regime. In fact, Amin has turned a blind eye to military spending and has allowed the army to run up mammoth bills on guns, trucks and other expensive hardware. Uganda has substantial untapped resources of iron and copper, but agriculture is the principal

DAVID BURNING



PRESIDENT IDI AMIN DADA  
Not above the law.

business. Crop prices (principally for coffee, cotton and tea) have not kept pace with inflationary living costs, and last year Uganda's foreign exchange reserves fell from \$44.8 million to \$25 million. To help the faltering economy, Amin was forced to borrow £10 million from Britain and impose strict import and trade controls.

Partly to divert attention from Uganda's growing financial problems, Amin has in the past threatened to invade neighboring Tanzania, which angered him by offering ex-President Obote shelter. He has also taken crowd-pleasing steps like putting economic pressure on the country's 80,000 Asians, who control most of its small businesses. If Big Daddy is unable to bolster Uganda's sagging economy, however, there is a chance that some day he might meet an unspecified "doom," which was also foretold in that long-ago vision.

## CHINA

### A Few Quotations from Premier Chou

From midnight until 3 a.m. one day last week, China's seemingly tireless Premier Chou En-lai talked with a group of visiting American scholars in Peking's Great Hall of the People. China-born Journalist John McCook Roots reported to TIME on the session—probably the last such meeting before Richard Nixon arrives on Feb. 21. Some of Chou's comments:

**THE WAR.** If the American Government continues to back President Nixon's eight points [which the Viet Cong rejected in Paris last week], then it will not be possible to end the war, particularly in Viet Nam. Then the popular movement against American aggression will and should continue.

**THE POWER STRUCTURE OF THE WORLD.** Your President has noted five power centers [the U.S., Russia, China, Japan and the European Common Market]. We do not entirely agree. From the viewpoint of economic development there is such a trend, but from the viewpoint of the world's movements of popular liberation—which hold the key to the future—all nations regardless of size and all races regardless of color should be equal. Governments find it difficult to agree. For the people, it is easier to achieve a common outlook. We look to the people.

**THE RUSSIANS.** When we stated at the United Nations that we are not a superpower and would never attempt to be one, one superpower [the Soviet Union] laughed and said China could not exist without a nuclear umbrella. As our Chinese proverb has it, that fellow "does not know how high the sky is or how deep the earth."

**THE AMERICANS.** From our past experience, we in China place immense hopes on the American people. They are a very great people with many different beliefs and races but, we believe, a common aspiration. Their potential and prospects are boundless.

**RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.** Twenty or 30 years ago, many American friends visited us [the Chinese Communists] and exchanged views in a free way. Now that we have gained state power it may be thought that our views have become rigid. This is not the case. We will persist only in the correct things. Where we can improve, we will listen.

**HENRY KISSINGER.** How is it possible to have another Metetrich appear in this present day? This man has his characteristics. He is a man with whom we can argue.

**RICHARD NIXON.** Your President has said neither too much nor too little. Who knows but he may alter his views? He may change them. He may not. It does not matter. All of us should make efforts.

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## 100 PIPERS

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## PEOPLE

"It's no big deal, really," said pretty, big-eyed Broadway and TV Star **Sandy Duncan**. What she was tossing off so coolly was the blindness of one of her eyes, resulting from a benign tumor operated on last November. "I've been nearsighted most of my life," said Tony Award Winner Duncan. "My father says I can see more than I can understand anyway. What would affect me more—being in the business that I'm in—would have been if the motor area had been damaged. You see, the appearance of the eye is more important, actually, than the vision." She plans to resume her weekly TV series *Funny Face* in May or June.



SANDY DUNCAN, HALF SIGHT

Assassin **Sirhan B. Sirhan** is coming up in the world. After nearly three years in a maximum security cell on San Quentin's Death Row No. 1, the murderer of **Robert F. Kennedy** has got over his temper tantrums and been moved to Death Row No. 3, where he will be permitted to mingle with "the most amiable" condemned prisoners while waiting for the U.S. and California to make up the public mind on capital punishment.

Walking with friends on Manhattan's notorious 42nd Street at about 11:15 p.m., **Bayard Rustin**, 61, executive director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute and a longtime civil rights leader, was politely stopped by a policeman who asked to examine the cane he was carrying. Rustin complied. SNICK—the cop twisted the handle and out came a sword. Carrying a sword cane is a felony in New York City if the person involved has been previously convicted of a crime. "Of course I've been convicted before," said Rustin. "I served three years in federal prison in 1943 because as a Quaker I refused to serve in the Army. I find it quite ironic that a man who has preached non-violence all his life should be charged for such a thing, and for God's sake I didn't know that the cane—part of a collection of over 100—had a knife concealed in it."

One of the most faithful patrons of Washington's Aspen Hill Pet Cemetery is **J. Edgar Hoover**. Cemetery Director S. Alfred Nash discovered that Mr. FBI has seven little graves there—one with a headstone bearing the inscription "In memory of Spee De Bozo. Born July 3, 1922. Died May 24, 1934. Our best friend." Animal graves indicate something about their owners, says Nash: "A man buries his wife because he has to, but he buries his dog because he wants to."

Barnstorming through Florida, Presidential Candidate **Hubert H. Humphrey** had a serendipitous confronta-

tion with one of Tampa's more compelling voters. Cielito Lindo is a dusky, almond-eyed Puerto Rican farm-girl-turned-stripper with 38-24-36 to show for herself. The candidate personally pinned an H.H.H. button on Cielito's well-cloven chest. "Come over here," he said, munching a sandwich and patting the seat next to him. "Tell me, what is your real name?" Then, while press cameras clicked, he did not exactly steal a kiss.

Dracula lives! In the image of late actor **Bela Lugosi**, of course. A Los Angeles superior court has ruled that even though Lugosi died in 1956, the role of the Transylvanian night person is so thoroughly identified with him that his widow, Hope, 52, and his son, Bela George Lugosi, 34, are entitled to share in the money Universal Pictures has made from the licensing of Dracula games, shirts, masks and other horrors fashioned in the Lugosi image.

In Vancouver for an exhibition bout, ex-Champ **Muhammad Ali** was asked whether he had noticed any differences between Canada and the U.S. Yes, he said, Canada was more peaceful. "But I got up here two days ago and I can't wait to get back home. It's my culture. The bowling alley. The café. My friends. The music—James Brown, the Temptations, the Supremes, B.B. King. Bluebirds like to be together, eagles hang out with eagles, sparrows stick with sparrows, buzzards go with buzzards. They're all birds, but they go with their own."

Female chauvinist sexploitation will reach a new level of some kind in the April issue of *British Cosmo* magazine with its first male nude pinup—a center spread of **Germaine Greer's** husband wearing nothing but a con-



HUBERT HUMPHREY, HALF CAMPAIGNING



PAUL DU FEU, HALF DRESSED

venient shadow. Paul du Feu, 36, a London construction worker, was married almost four years ago to Women's Liberator Greer—though they separated after only three weeks, says Germaine, because he wanted her "to be a wife." How does Paul feel about giving his all to the pages of a women's magazine? "I'm a guy who likes birds," he says. "Normally, I'd spend a lot of time, chat and money taking a girl out in the hope of getting somewhere with her. This way—being a pinup—I've got to the clothes-off stage with thousands of birds straightaway!"

To hear **Julie Nixon Eisenhower** tell it, anyone can get a good feel of what it's like to live in the White House by checking into the nearest Hilton. Answering questions on a tour of the Western Pennsylvania School for Blind Children, Julie said her parents' home is "so big, and there's room service, and every time you walk out the door you run into somebody."

## COVER STORY

# Breaking the American Stereotypes

The people who help us, we're grateful to them, but I wish they wouldn't keep on telling us how sorry they are for us, how bad we have it. And I wish their eyes wouldn't pop out every time they see we're not crying all day long and running wild or something. The other day a white fellow, he said how wonderful my home is, and how good we get along together, and how impressed he was by it all. I wanted to say, 'Don't be giving us that kind of compliment, because it shows on you what you don't know about us.'

—Mississippi black man  
to Psychiatrist Robert Coles

**A**CROSS the U.S., there are 25 million impoverished, deprived and misunderstood Americans, black and white, who like that Mississippian are generally scorned, patronized and looked upon as psychologically sick and morally deficient. Yet to Harvard Child Psychiatrist Robert Coles, who knows these forgotten citizens—and their children—far better than most Americans do, that stereotype is dead wrong. After more than a decade of studying and living with sharecroppers, migrants, mountaineers, poor blacks and working-class whites, Coles has concluded that most are astonishingly healthy in mind and remarkably courageous in spirit. He believes that they possess unrecognized strengths that, if properly understood, bode well for the future of the nation.

In a passionate effort to get that message across to an America beset with more suffering and social unrest than at any time since the Great Depression, Coles has in the past dozen years poured his insights into 13 books and 350 articles. His most recent books, just published, are *Migrants, Sharecroppers, Mountaineers and The South Goes North* (Atlantic-Little, Brown), the first about poverty in rural backwaters, the second about destitution in urban slums. They are part of a multi-volume work called *Children of Crisis*, a long-term study that began in 1967 with a book about the effects of Southern integration and will continue in 1975 with a report to be called *Chicanos, Eskimos and Indians*.

This prodigious output has already established Coles, 42, as the most influential living psychiatrist in the U.S. Black Psychologist Kenneth Clark says that Coles' quiet presence on the national scene "keeps morality, decency and justice alive." Leon Eisenberg, director of psychiatry at Massachusetts General Hospital, believes that Coles' work is an "effective prod to the

social conscience of other psychiatrists."

Coles' accomplishments are perhaps best summarized by Harvard Social Scientist David Riesman: "There is one important theme he has contributed: antistereotype. Policemen are not pigs, white Southerners are not rednecks, and blacks are not all suffering in exotic misery. What he is saying is 'People are more complicated, more varied, more interesting, have more resiliency and more survivability than you might think. I listen to them! You listen to them! Please listen! Again and again!'"

By rising above the set prejudices of both liberals and conservatives, Coles helps depolarize a divided society. He has performed one of the most difficult and important feats of all: to criticize America and yet to love it, to lament the nation's weaknesses—its "greedy, monopolistic, avaricious and sordid sides"—while continuing to cherish its strengths. Most important, he avoids the sterile dogma of social science and speaks, unashamedly, from his heart.

Coles' influence reaches beyond his profession and beyond the academic and intellectual communities. After reading a Coles article called "Black Lung: Mining as a Way of Death," for example, a fuel company executive set up a new health plan for workers in the West Virginia and Pennsylvania mines he controls. In Washington, Coles is often consulted by powerful Congressmen of both parties. His testimony helped to launch the hunger crusade in the South in 1967 and to keep the migrant health program going when it was about to die in Congress two years ago.

Psychiatrist Coles has more to say than the obvious, that the hungry must be fed and the sick cared for. His most telling message is that the nation cannot help the "children of crisis" unless it understands them, and it cannot understand without discarding stereotypes. "We categorize people, call them names like 'culturally disadvantaged' or 'white racists,' names that say something all right but not enough—because those declared 'culturally disadvantaged' so often are at the same time shrewd, sensitive and in possession of their own culture, just as those called 'white racists' have other sides to themselves, can be generous and decent, can take note of and be re-

HERON-MONKEYER



MIGRANT FARM GIRL CARRYING CABBAGES

sponsive to the black man's situation."

An end to stereotyping could have practical effects on Government efforts to aid the poor, because, as Coles sees it, shallow labels lead to shallow programs, or no programs at all. If, for example, Appalachia's poverty is attributed to the mountaineers' "backwardness" and "suspiciousness," efforts to help are bound to be misdirected—and thus bound to fail. If deprived people are thought to have no values worth preserving, then they will continue to be treated with condescension. As one ghetto woman complained to Coles: "They tell you they want to help you, but if you ask me they want to make you into them and leave you without a cent of yourself to hang on to." Finally, as long as the poor are considered incapable of constructive effort in their own behalf, programs to help them will be confined largely to welfare handouts. Coles is convinced that handouts alone are no help and eloquently pleads for an alternative plan: to bring all deprived groups into the mainstream of society, not as passive recipients of governmental largesse but as active molders of their own lives.

You mean you want to learn about us, so then you can be our friend, and you'll go and tell other people to be our friend, because you'll tell them they should be.

—Seven-year-old child

That youngster, quoted in *Children of Crisis*, clearly understood the task Coles set for himself years ago. In order to learn about such children and their parents, to find out what they feared, what they cared about and "what it meant to them to deal with



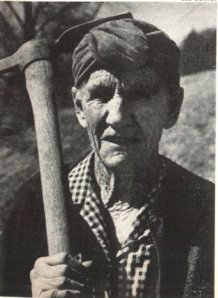


MINER'S WIFE IN APPALACHIA



MOUNTAIN CHILDREN AT PLAY

KEW MORRIS



their particular world." Coles went to live among them. Day after day for years, he visited the same families, talking with them at home, in schools and on the streets. Once he rode a bus for a whole year with black youngsters going to school outside the ghetto.

At first it was hard to get close to people. "The families were very silent, and they just stared," Coles remembers. But his own shyness proved disarming. In the first volume of the *Children* series, he describes one visit to a poor family: "There were no chairs. We stood there, shuffling and anxious. Finally I told them of my nervousness and asked if I might sit on the floor. I started telling them about myself, my life and my interests." When he stopped, the black mother patted his knee and said, "We will pray for you and make a way for you."

In that family, as with all those he has visited, Coles got the youngsters to reveal themselves by asking them to draw with the crayons he carries everywhere; to one child, he became not Dr. Coles but the Crayon Man. He has taped hundreds of hours of conversation to study at home and to reproduce in his books, and he has tried to learn about people not only from their words

lantic seaboard from southern Florida to northern New York, Coles reminds his readers that "even many animals define themselves by where they live, yet we have thousands [some 300,000] of boys and girls who live utterly uprooted lives, who wander the American earth, who even as children enable us to eat by harvesting our crops but who never can think of any place as home."

Although they are without homes, migrant children in their earliest years are "quick, animated—tenacious of life." This does not last long, for hunger, disease and despair soon take their toll. "Migrant parents and even migrant children do indeed become what some of their harshest critics call them: listless, apathetic, hard to understand, disorderly, subject to outbursts of self-injury and destructive violence toward others."

Perhaps this is because the migrants see no way out of their death-in-life existence. Virtual captives, those who try to escape their peonage are sometimes arrested on trumped-up charges by law officers sympathetic to the farmers. Paid little or nothing in cash on the grounds that their wages are actually owed their bosses

EAGLE-NANCY PALMER



EXUBERANT BLACK YOUNGSTERS AT PLAY ON STREETS OF EAST HARLEM, N.Y.  
They are alive, and then they quit, all full of hate.

but from "a nuance, a gesture, a way of looking." He takes photographs, too, "to hold near me and help guide my mind (and I hope my heart) a little nearer to the essence of particular lives."

*I have a few things that are mine—the comb, the rabbit's tail my daddy gave me before he died . . . I had a luck bracelet, but I left it some place.*

—Migrant child

Luck itself is alien to the children—and adults—of Migrants, Sharecroppers, Mountaineers. Writing about the migrant way of life along the At-

lant for transportation and for the miserable food and shelter they supply, migrants have no money for flight. As one worker trapped in a cycle of alleged indebtedness said, "If you're born on the road, you'll most likely have to stay with it; they're not going to let go of you, the crew leader and the sheriff and like that."

To an outside observer who is caught in his own trap—the habit of stereotyped thinking—migrants are immobilized by their despair. In fact, as Coles repeatedly demonstrates, most of them never give up and so could respond to help if only it were

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offered. "There's no point to feeling sorry for yourself, or else you want to go and die by the side of the road," one migrant woman told Coles. "Some day that will happen," she said, "but there's no point in making it happen sooner rather than later."

*I know it's not so good for us, but there's never a day I don't see something I like.*

—Jeannette, a sharecropper's child

Considering her privations, Jeannette's capacity for joy is miraculous. Coles calls the offspring of the South's mostly black tenant farmers "stranded children," because they are geographically isolated (some spend their whole lives within a five-mile radius) and psychologically resigned. "I don't know why we're still here, but we are; and I guess we always will be," a mother told Coles.

Both parents and children live in virtual bondage to a hierarchy of "boss-men." They are also at the mercy of another stereotype-ridden group, their children's teachers, who often show contempt for their pupils. Reported one child: "The teacher just has us make pictures. She told us we'll be hopeless on the rest of the lessons—the writing and numbers—so maybe we should just wear the crayons down every day."

Despite such insensitive treatment, sharecropper children can grow up to be warm parents. "Sometimes a child of mine, she's hurting, and I know she needs something I can't give her," a mother confided. "And I'll tell her that if she hasn't got anything—nothing to wear, and the sicknesses, and the food that isn't what she should be having—then even so there's me, and I'll never leave my children, never."

Just as such love sustains the stranded children, so love of the land nourishes their fathers—and prevents them from trying a new life somewhere else: "You may find yourself

a job with good money, but you'll pine for it here. The real worst of it would be knowing that the land is just lying out there, not being asked to do anything, not coming up with the shoots."

*How could I sleep, away from that hill over there?*

—Paul Evans,

West Virginia mountaineer

Among the mountain people Coles came to know in Kentucky, North Carolina and West Virginia, attachment to the land is even deeper than among tenant farmers. Though isolated from the rest of the country in the hollows of Appalachia, mountaineers at least live on ground

that is theirs and so have more to offer their children than migrants or sharecroppers—more of a history, and more "to own and occupy and defend."

As one mountaineer expressed it, "Over in Korea, my buddies would always be asking me why I was more homesick than everyone in the whole Army put together. I told them we have the best people in the world here. We take care of each other, and we've been here from as far back almost as the country, and we know every inch of the hollow, and it's the greatest place in the world, with the hills and the streams and the fish you can get."

But what of the stereotyped idea that mountain people are uninterested in education and apathetic about corruption? The hidden people themselves gave Coles some answers. Because work is hard to find, they explained, there is little to gain by going to school, and there is a lot to lose by challenging dishonest officials who control what few jobs there are. As for the "suspicious" label, one mountaineer, at least, accepted it readily. "The coal people come in, and they're tearing up everything they can get their hands on, and then the next thing they're gone and all we have for it is a landslide. If you don't get suspicious, you're not right in your head." Coles agrees: "Why don't we call them 'realistic,' which means plain and simple smart about their world?"

*Up here in the city, there's no one paying us any attention, none at all.*

—Mountain-born youth in Cleveland

That adolescent is typical of the displaced Southerners, both black and white, about whom Coles writes in the second of his new books, *The South Goes North*. Four times Coles watched black Alabama and Mississippi families "slip away from the plantation or cabin and drive off with a look of relief and bitter joy and regret and sadness and triumph."



MIDDLE AMERICAN AT EASE IN CHICAGO  
"As much a person as anybody."

Three times he went along with white families from West Virginia when they moved to Chicago, staying to observe the "settling in" process. But much of his time for six years was spent in regularly visiting ten white families in a working-class section of Boston and ten black ones in its black ghetto, Roxbury.

There, Coles found that the widely held conception of black families as inevitably disorganized simply does not stand up. Among middle-class blacks, he reports, the typical family is "much like the Yankee Victorian kind—very strict, very concerned with getting ahead." In his study of Northern blacks, Coles makes other stereotype-breaking observations. He reports, for example, that lower-class blacks have family structures similar to prosperous suburbanites; in both cases the father is away from home much of the time, and his absence is not necessarily any more damaging to the black child than to the white.

Black mothers can be as effective at child rearing as any mothers anywhere. Their youngsters are frequently quite unlike the lost, emotionally sick children described in psychiatric journals; many "have a flesh-and-blood loyalty to one another, a disarming code of honor, a sharp, critical eye for the fake and the pretentious." Confessed one elementary-school teacher: "That was the hardest thing for me to realize—that a ghetto child isn't a hopeless case or already a delinquent when he comes into the first grade."

Later, Coles admits, things can change. "The world's restrictions become decisive antagonists to the boy or girl—saying 'no' to them about everything, teaching them to transform those refusals into a judgment of their worth as individuals and as citizens." The point is eloquently put by one mother: "I don't know how to keep my kids from getting stained and ruined by everything outside. They are alive, and then they quit. I



AT HOME IN HOUSTON GHETTO TENEMENT  
"You don't know about us."

can tell it by their walk and how they look. They slow down and get so tired in their face, and they get all full of hate."

*If Whitey really wanted us to make the scene, he'd clue us in that he did, and brother, we'd get the message. Right now, I think he's kidding us.*

#### —Black youth in Chicago

Obviously, blacks have their own stereotypes about whites. Coles believes that busing is one way to break those stereotypes. Speaking of his white classmates, a black youngster recognized that "they're not our enemy. Some of them are, but a lot are no different than a lot of us are." Coles says that busing also builds a black child's confidence, and his young acquaintances prove him right: "It took the bus to bring us into the white man's world—and that's the world if you live in America."

It is a hard world, however, when there are no jobs. "Why don't they fix the country up so people can work, instead of patching up with this and that and giving us a few dollars?" a ghetto mother wanted to know. Coles himself fully recognizes the hazards of joblessness; lacking the inner controls that people develop only when they work "with skill, pride and hope," idle blacks can easily turn to violence. The wonder is that it does not happen more often. Writes Coles: "Today's protesting black youths, despite their supposed lack of 'civilization,' are much more controlled than their 19th century counterparts in Western Europe."

They may also be more despairing, as a ghetto youth called Peter revealed in a drawing he made with Coles. With a black crayon, he traced circles within circles. In the black center of them all, he inscribed an X, and all around the picture he drew the shattered parts of a human body: two faces, an arm and five legs. A stunned Coles listened in silence to Peter's explanation: "It's that hole we dug in the alley. If you fall into it, you can't get out. You die."

*There's always someone trying to make us out as dumb people, as simple as can be.*

#### —Mountaineer in the North

When men and women from Appalachia come up to the cities, the problems they face are not so different from those that confront transplanted blacks. As they soon find out, a man's skill, in itself, counts for nothing: "If you have only your strong arms, it's no good. I can build a house, but I didn't have the references they wanted." There are problems with unskilled jobs, too. "They'll say you spend too many minutes trying to be perfect. I had a job washing cars, but the man said I cleaned each car like it was my own."

Mountaineers do not look to welfare as a solution. "I can tell my wife to say I've deserted her, and she'll get

money from the city, but I couldn't swallow my pride that way. My wife says she tried to say it, just to herself, and she broke down and cried." All the same, the mountaineers don't want pity and resent "the liberal types" who "love having a man like me to feel sorry for." In the end, they suffer—or go home, like the mountaineer who left Cleveland for his beloved McVeigh, Ky., explaining that he'd "sooner die hungry than spend his last few years in the places where the mountains are gone."

*It's sweet pain this time, because however they try to hurt me, I know that just by sticking it out I'm going to help end the whole system of segregation; and that can make you go through anything.*

#### —Black student in a white school

Coles recorded that remarkably courageous statement in his earliest study of stereotypes, the first volume of *Children of Crisis*, about blacks and

with blacks for the first time, many managed to acquire "new ideas, new assumptions and new expectations," even when their parents were violently opposed to integration. Admitted one white youth: "You can't help having respect for them, the way they've gone through the year so well."

*Who can agree with himself all the time?*

#### —A white machinist

From Southern segregationists Coles turned to some Northerners who are often as hostile toward blacks as Southerners. In *The Middle Americans*, published last year, Coles describes the policemen, firemen, bank tellers, typists, storekeepers, telephone repairmen and others who make up the nation's working class. Using words like backlash, ethnic blocs, bigots or hardhats to characterize these men and women turns millions of people into "them," Coles believes, creating "one



RUBY BRIDGES' DRAWINGS: WHITES ARE ALWAYS TALLER THAN BLACKS

whites caught up in the battle over Southern desegregation. Both groups, he found, were more flexible than outsiders imagined.

Ruby Bridges, only six, was one of those who seemed able to go through anything—as Coles found out when he went along on the first day of enforced integration in 1960 and watched her brave mobs and their profanity to enter an all-white school. By the time that day came, Coles had known Ruby for several weeks, partly through her crayon pictures. Whenever she drew white children, they came out taller than she, whatever their height in real life. Her white children had carefully drawn features and the right number of fingers and toes, while she pictured herself as lacking an eye, or perhaps an ear or an arm. "When I draw a white girl," she explained, "I know she'll be O.K., but with the blacks it's not so O.K." All the same, Ruby herself was O.K.; her strength, Coles discovered, came from her "intact and supporting home."

As for white youngsters in school

more 'group' to be pitied or exploited or scorned." Each Middle American wants to be judged on his own merits, as an officer of the law claimed with great clarity: "Why does everyone say the police? There are thousands and thousands of policemen, and they're individuals—good and bad and not-so-good and not-so-bad."

Most of the police, as well as the Irish, the Italians and the Polish, nonetheless feel that everyone is prejudiced against them and that no one listens. But Coles, as always, did listen. One thing he heard was angry criticism of "the radicals," "the peace crowd" who "don't really love this country," "the snob-students" and "the professors, the big-brain types who look down on the rest of us." The Middle Americans resent being scorned: "I'm as much of a person as anybody, even if I don't talk a lot of big words."

Too, they are resentful of other things, too. Said the wife of a gas station owner: "What bothers me is that we keep doing the best we can, but we're not

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sure others are doing the best they can." "Others" are mostly blacks, who, as Coles was among the first to point out, seem to threaten the hard-won status and economic gains of the working class. But the Middle Americans are also ambivalent. One moment, the stereotyped language pours out offensively; then prejudice gives way to sympathy. Railed a factory worker: "I get sick and tired of the niggers, always pushing, pushing. But who really is in charge of this country, who is raking in the money? Not the poor colored people, it's not them. What have they got for themselves out of this country, for all the damn backbreaking work they've done since they got picked up in Africa by guys with guns and sent over here like cattle?"

But understanding is not always characteristic of the Middle Americans. Asked, as he often is, why he spends so much time with what some of his lib-

farm girl, had two sons: Robert, born in 1929, and William, born in 1931 and now an English professor at the University of Michigan. The family lived a comfortable, bookish and musical life in the Boston suburb of Milton, and both boys were bright enough to go to Boston Latin School and Harvard. Bob Coles was good at tennis and running, led "a pretty active social life" and, he says, was "no more screwed up than a lot of my friends."

From his father, young Bob acquired much more than his tolerance of conservatism. Philip Coles has had a lifelong interest in people different from himself. Though Jewish, he once lived in a Benedictine monastery, and though well educated, he lived for a time among London workmen. "In a sense, he was a social observer," Robert Coles says. On long walks with Bob, "he'd point out things about the world and about various neighborhoods, and

Unlike her determinedly agnostic husband, Sandra Coles was an ardent Christian, though not committed to any single denomination. Her son is neither quite believing nor quite disbelieving: his friend and mentor Erik Erikson calls him "a very religious man, but not churchy." Coles himself says that his understanding of the poor comes partly from the King James Bible, with "its vision of redemptive possibility living side by side with the possibility for betrayal and tragedy."

Somehow we all must learn to know one another.

### —Coles in "Migrants, Sharecroppers, Mountaineers"

Coles has a philosophical bent too. Philosophers Søren Kierkegaard and Simone Weil appeal to him for their interest in "everydayness, the everyday movement of people's lives." He admires Ralph Ellison (*Invisible Man*) and William Faulkner—"the real psychologists." Most important to Coles, though, is the late James Agee, whose writing style he consciously imitated in the early 1960s and whose photograph looks down on Coles as he writes. Erikson says that Coles strongly identifies with the author of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, that early portrait of sharecroppers. Both writers, says Erikson, "are part of a tradition going back to John Steinbeck and *The Grapes of Wrath*." But Coles is unique because he has illuminated that tradition with psychiatric insight.

Coles' interest in psychiatry came late, months after he had finished medical school. There, according to Classmate Paul Davidson, now a Madison, Wis., internist, Coles was obviously out of place. "The humanitarian part was easy for him, but the scientific part gave him trouble." Coles himself laughs over his memory of a time when the great surgeon William E. Adams paused in mid-operation and announced, "Let us all wait while Dr. Coles does his bow knots." Moreover, Coles could never learn to stick needles into babies without being unstrung by their screams. As a result, his doctor-teachers advised him to go into psychoanalysis to find out whether or not he really wanted to be a doctor. He decided that he did, and eventually chose psychiatry as "the most philosophical of the disciplines."

His training in that discipline leaned heavily on psychoanalysis. He still believes that Freud's way of the mind "dominates our way of looking at man's psychological development." He acknowledges his debt to two other psychoanalysts, Anna Freud, who did pioneering studies of the effect of war on children, and Erikson, famous for his papers on Sioux Indian youngsters. So greatly did Erikson impress Coles that he wrote the much lauded, and highly laudatory, biography, *Erik H. Erikson: The Growth of His Work*, published in 1970. Trying to explain his own influence on Coles, Erikson suggests that



PSYCHIATRIST COLES & FAMILY AT HOME IN CONCORD, MASS.  
No more screwed up than a lot of his friends.

eral friends call these "awful, vulgar, reactionary people." Coles answers, "I don't look upon them as good or bad. I look upon them as human beings, strong and sensible, weak and full of faults." He acknowledges "the blindness, the distortions, the racism, the meanness" among them, but he believes many of the same qualities are to be found in all groups. Besides, he feels special sympathy for working people because it is they who must bear the brunt of change in American society.

There may be a more personal reason: Philip Coles, his father, is a conservative. While the younger Coles reacted against his father's politics—he preferred Robert Kennedy to Robert Taft—he admits that some of the elder Coles' outlook rubbed off on him. "I do have a streak of conservatism; it's one of the ambiguities about me. And I'm not ashamed of it."

Philip Coles was a Yorkshireman who came to the U.S. as a young man and studied engineering at M.I.T. He and his wife, Sandra Young, an Iowa

he'd ask, what are people's whole lives like."

The elder Coles also urged his son to "learn to be by yourself." Bob followed that advice. He enjoys life, and his hearty laugh often sounds through his modest Concord, Mass., house. But his brother observes: "He is a predominantly inward person. The whole course of his career is solitary. He is not a joiner, and he is not into the social thing." Bob himself confirms this. "I don't work with anyone except my wife, and that stems from my oneness, or aloneness." That desire for solitary enjoyment extends even to tennis; Coles plays only singles, never doubles. Besides working with his wife, Jane, who comes from a Massachusetts family with a tradition of interest in social issues, Coles spends most of his free time with her and with their three sons. Their favorite recreation: long walks like those Bob Coles used to take with his father.

It may be from his mother that Coles acquired his interest in religion.



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"My approach gave him a different model of a psychoanalyst."

The idea of a new model attracted Coles because he did not care for the old one. An early experience crystallized that feeling. Helping to care for polio victims during the 1955 epidemic in Boston, he noticed that the patients kept talking about how they would soon be well, though they were obviously paralyzed for life. They were using what psychiatrists call "the mechanism of denial." But to Coles, that term really said very little about the patients. "You have to think of what they were facing that made denial valuable rather than psychopathological. Besides, the endurance and the persistence and the courage they showed I could only admire."

*Our very acclaim makes us more rigid and querulous.*

—Coles in "A Young Psychiatrist Looks at his Profession," 1961

Coles soon began to fear that in psychiatry he would lose "a larger vision of what life is about, that in dwelling too much on the mind, the mind would become abstracted from the body, from the neighborhood, from the society and—again—from the everydayness." He thought that psychiatry ought to become involved in social issues. He also came to feel that "the Organization Men" in psychiatry spend too much time going to meetings and writing "more articles about less and

less" couched in language so "intricate and tedious" that it vanquishes human love, sorrow and temptations. To preserve its humanity, he concluded, psychiatry needs to acknowledge its kinship with theology and art. "We might do well to talk with Reinhold Niebuhr about the 'nature and destiny of man' or with J.D. Salinger about our Holden Caulfields."

Many of Coles' colleagues take issue with his demand for psychiatric reform because it discounts the developments in the field over the past 40 years. No one, however, questions his call for social change, or the magnitude of the task he has set the nation. An end to the stereotyped thinking that stands in the way of sweeping reform still seems far off; the simplicity of labels is reassuring, and ambiguity is disturbing. As one activist in Mississippi told Coles, people "don't want to be troubled by finding anything 'good' in the people they come to save from everything 'bad.'"

But Coles has an abiding faith in his country and its people, and is profoundly hopeful about the future: "America has nurtured a whole tradition of really significant and even radical political activity all during its history. It is a country founded on revolution, on political protest, a country to which, over generations, the poor and exiled have come. It is the world's richest and most powerful nation, so it has not only the potentiality but the immediate possibility for reform."

## EDUCATION

### Result of a Test: F

Once it seemed like an imaginative new way to overcome the faults of inferior schools. Instead of relying on standard teachers and standard routines, a community could sign a contract with outside specialists who would be paid only if they improved the students' learning. More than 30 cities have experimented with "performance contracting," and one poll showed that two-thirds of the nation's school-board members were interested in trying it (TIME, Oct. 11).

The Office of Economic Opportunity decided to organize a major study of performance contracting during the 1970-71 school year. It authorized up to \$7.2 million for the project, spread among six educational firms and conducted in 18 school districts in both big cities and rural areas. The subjects of the year-long experiment were 13,000 children in grades one to three and seven to nine.

Last week, OEO announced the results of the test—a failure. "The overall differences are so slight," said OEO, "that we can conclude performance contracting was no more effective in either reading or math than the traditional classroom methods of instruc-

tion." OEO stressed that the findings do not mean that the idea is necessarily wrong, but it added that "an uncritical rush to embrace the concept is unwarranted at this time."

Post-mortems thus far indicate that contractors may indeed have relied too much on computerized teaching machines and programmed reading materials. Cracked David Selden, president of the American Federation of Teachers: "Now the OEO should stick to the poverty business and leave education to teachers."

The trouble with that argument is that teachers are not doing much of a job either. According to the OEO survey, all student-achievement averages, both in the special classrooms and in a control group of ordinary classes, failed to reach the national norms.

### New Faces for Old

Before 18-year-olds won the right to vote last summer, not a single school board in the country had a student member. As of now, there are 13 of them, and more than 100 other teenagers are expected to campaign for school-board vacancies this spring.

Some of the innovations proposed by student members are startling. The



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## EDUCATION

most controversial of the newcomers is Newark's Larry Hamm, 18, a black student at Rutgers University, who attracted widespread criticism by calling for Black Nationalist liberation flags to be flown in every Newark school-room where black pupils form a majority (TIME, Dec. 13). Hamm, once considered a docile "model student," has also encouraged noisy claque of youths to attend board meetings and has endorsed a long list of their demands. Among them: the replacement of all public schools that are more than 100 years old (two-thirds of the city's 79 schools); the exclusion of white teachers from black-history programs; the teaching of African languages such as Hausa, Yoruba, Swahili and Arabic.

**Accomplishments.** Several of Hamm's proposals have already won approval by the board. He got it to change the names of South Eighth Street School and South Side High School to the Martin Luther King Jr. School and Malcolm X. Shabazz High School. At his urging, school administrators accelerated their efforts to have "the accomplishments of black people" routinely included in every subject area, not confined to black-studies courses. He also persuaded the board to give high school students instructions—and time off—for registering to vote.

Not surprisingly, Hamm's outspo-

CLIFF MCNAIR JR.



WILLIAM LYNCH

ken tactics have made him enemies. John Cervase, a 59-year-old attorney and the board's most pugnacious white member, argues that Hamm should not be on the board at all. "This city's schools are like a company with \$1 billion in assets and a budget of \$100 million a year," he says. "Can you conceive of an 18-year-old child effectively administering General Motors?"

Few of the other young contenders are radicals, but they do have strong feelings about student life. Judith Pier-

DAT ADAMS



JOHN SCOTT FRANCIS

son, 19, hopes to get herself elected this week to the school board in Willingboro, N.J., so that she can try to change the rule that got her suspended from school last year for refusing to stand up and recite the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag (she had argued in vain with the authorities that the U.S. did not truly provide "liberty and justice for all"). Terry Smith, 18, a bespectacled blonde who works part time as a waitress, has had teams of volunteers distributing 8,000 handbills for that same February



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MAUREEN MASSIWER



LARRY HAMM

8 election in Ewing Township. "They may think I'm childish," she says, "but if childish means more communication and more understanding, then I'm all for childish ideas. I know what goes with curriculum and discipline and things that concern students. Like cigarettes. It seems unfair that kids who can smoke at home get expelled for three days when they're caught at school. And lunches. We have terrible lunches. Yecch!"

Other student representatives are

mild and modest, like Maureen Massiwer, 18, who was elected to the school committee in Pawtucket, R.I., last November. She describes herself as a "moderate liberal," and her low-key program includes upgrading Pawtucket high schools by allowing bright students to take such subjects as psychology and philosophy. She also recognizes that with budgetary problems and new teachers' contracts to settle, some of her ideas may have to wait. "Government isn't a zippy thing," she says.

"It's a slow process." Agrees John Scott Francis, 18, newly elected school board member in Reynoldsburg, Ohio: "I'm not about to go in and tear things apart. Our school isn't all that bad. In fact, it's halfway decent."

**Cutting Costs.** Further to the right stands William Lynch, 18, a self-proclaimed "progressive conservative," who defeated the 60-year-old school board chairman in Bremerton, Wash., in a primary held last September. Lynch, clean shaven and neatly barbered, picked up many adult votes in that race and also in the general election by promising to hold down school taxes, back up teachers on discipline, and use undercover agents in schools to help control drugs. He has stuck to at least one of those campaign promises: he voted against a proposal to give teachers a pay increase that would mean higher taxes.

The young board members often start out with ambitious ideas—that is one advantage of their arrival on the boards—but time and experience inevitably mellow even the most aggressive of the newcomers. Even Larry Hamm. When Board Member Cervase obtained a temporary court injunction last December restraining Newark schools from flying Black Power flags, Hamm took it calmly. Said he: "If the courts don't take care of it, the legislature will." Either way, Hamm says he will obey the law.



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## Showdown at Sapporo

Trumpets blared. Fireworks exploded. Drums and cannons thundered. A 700-voice chorus sang hallelujah. A band played *The Ballad of Rainbow and Snow*. Eight hundred Japanese children on ice skates released 18,000 multicolored balloons into the air. More than 1,000 athletes from 35 countries paraded in their winter finery. And right in the middle of it all was the old ringmaster himself, Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee (I.O.C.). In calling upon Emperor Hirohito officially to open the 1972 Winter Games in Sapporo, Japan, last week, Brundage said: "May the Olympic code of fair play and good sportsmanship prevail." At least one observer was unimpressed by Brundage's sentiment. Snapped Austrian Skier Karl Schranz: "That's ridiculous, coming from him."

Schranz, who watched the ceremonies on TV in a Sapporo hotel room, had good reason to be bitter. When Olympic history is written, he will be remembered as the man who was caught in the middle of a face-saving showdown between Brundage and the Fédération Internationale de Ski (F.I.S.). The issue was clear-cut—For years F.I.S. skiers have been paid—either openly or under the table—for endorsing equipment. And for years Brundage has been threatening to bar the "trained seals of the merchandisers" from Olympic competition for violating the rule against professionalism. The F.I.S. hoped to call Brundage's bluff at Sapporo. The Austrian and French ski teams announced that they would withdraw from the games if "even one" of their members was disqualified. The flinty Brundage, now 84 and due to retire after the Summer Games in Munich, was determined not to fold. Rather than make a sham of the games by ousting 30 to 40 of the world's top skiers, he and the I.O.C. settled on one scapegoat. Just three days before the opening of the Sapporo games, and by a compromise vote of 28 to 14, the committee agreed to disqualify Schranz, a veteran ski idol and a favorite in the men's downhill.

**Unmoved.** "It's absurd!" cried Austrian Ski Federation President Karl Heinz Klee. "Schranz is being sacrificed in a highly unethical manner." Snerered Vienna's *Kronen Zeitung*: "Amateurs of Brundage's Olympic imagination exist only in the childhood dreams of this bad old man." The old man was unmoved. Said Klee: "Under the circumstances, there is only one road open to us—the road home." After a night of consultations, however, the Austrians decided to compete, ostensibly at the urging of Schranz.

Far from contrite, Schranz pointed

out that "the Russians are subsidized by their government, and all international athletes get help from one source or another." While Brundage ignores the open professionalism of Russian and other competitors from Iron Curtain countries because he says he lacks "documentation," his case against Schranz was provoked in part by the skier's criticism of the I.O.C. for its "19th century attitudes" and for "favoring rich competitors over poor ones." Brundage in turn characterized Schranz as a "blatant and verbose offender" who is "disrespectful to the Olympic movement."

Perhaps, but Schranz is far from alone. Jean-Claude Killy, winner of three gold medals in the 1968 Olympics, says that "there are no amateurs any more. To be good, a skier must literally devote from four to six years of his life to the sport. You don't have time for school or a job, and you must travel the world. That's hard to do without compensation." Susan Chaffee, a member of the 1968 U.S. Olympics team and an outspoken critic of Brundage, likes to don her skis to demonstrate the "Hypocritical Position"—knees bent and right arm extended backward with the hand cupped to receive "the under-the-table payments."

Though Schranz was banished from the Olympic Village last week, the old problems lingered on. F.I.S. President Marc Hodler, for one, would like to amend the rules so that the promotional money of the manufacturers would be channeled through the national federations and used for training young athletes. Brundage was more pessimistic. In what sounded like his swan song, he said last week that the Winter Games "have accomplished a tremendous humanitarian service by popularizing healthy winter sport and

recreation, but they have served their purpose and will find it hard to continue as an amateur event."

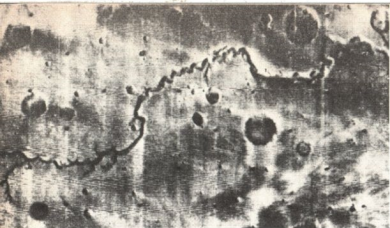
Meanwhile, out in the cold, the 1972 games continued apace. As expected, The Netherlands' strapping speed skater, Ard Schenk, won the 5,000 meters handily. Next day, though, the flying Dutchman fell at the start of the 500 meters and finished far back in the pack as West Germany's Erhard Keller, the gold medalist in the 1968 games, struck gold again. Switzerland's buxom Marie-Theres Nadig scored the biggest upset in the first three days of action by besting Austrian Skier Annemarie Proell by 32/100 of a second in the women's downhill. The biggest surprise of all, though, was Susan Corrick, a petite racer from Ketchum, Idaho. Going all out on the steep, twisting downhill course, she finished a close third behind the favored Austrian star. It was the first Olympic medal won by the U.S. in Alpine skiing since 1964.

I.O.C. PRESIDENT BRUNDAGE



SKATER WITH OLYMPIC TORCH AT OPENING OF WINTER GAMES IN JAPAN





RIVER-LIKE GULLY SNAKES ALONG MARTIAN SURFACE



SWIRLS & FOLDS OF "LASCIVIOUS LACUS"

## SCIENCE

### A Clear View of Mars

When Mariner 9 arrived in the neighborhood of Mars last November, its TV cameras were thwarted by the billowing yellow dust clouds of a gigantic storm that obscured most of the surface of the Red Planet. Frustrated scientists and controllers at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory began to despair that their spacecraft would ever fulfill its primary mission: mapping the surface of Mars. But by mid-January the Martian skies had cleared, and Mariner began sending back detailed pictures. Last week NASA released the latest group of Mariner photographs. Transmitted across more than 100 million miles of space and clarified with the aid of a computer, they provided spectacular evidence that Mariner's mission has been a stunning success.

The photograph that has caused the most excitement among scientists shows a 250-mile-long valley that resembles an arroyo (a water-cut gully common in semiarid regions on earth). The valley is 31 miles wide and has branching, streamlike tributaries that seem more likely to have been formed by water than by lava. "We are hard put to find a mechanism other than running water for these features," says Harold Masursky of the U.S. Geolog-

ical Survey. Although scientists agree that there is no free-flowing water on the Martian surface now, the sharp and uneroded features of the valley indicate that it could have been formed in the not-too-distant past—perhaps within the last million years.

Discovery of the valley has increased speculation that water-dependent forms of life may once have existed—or still exist—on Mars. That possibility has also been strengthened by readings from Mariner's instruments. They indicate that about 100,000 gallons of water vapor escape daily into space from the Martian atmosphere. Scientists believe that the vapor and carbon dioxide are being continually vented from volcanoes in the same kind of process that created the earth's early atmosphere.

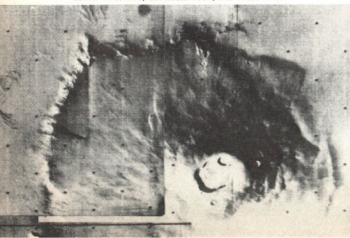
Another remarkable group of photos looks straight down at the largest volcano ever seen by man, Nix Olympica, which is six miles high and more than 300 miles in diameter at its base. Evidence of the fury of Martian winds can be seen in a number of pictures that show tear-shaped features to the leeward side of craters and other surface irregularities. Scientists believe that these features are wind shadows of sand that are formed behind the craters by the violent winds. One pho-

tograph shows an area with unusual swirls, and a crater-like feature that to the hard-working JPL scientists seems to have definite feminine characteristics. The area has been named "Lascivious Lacus."

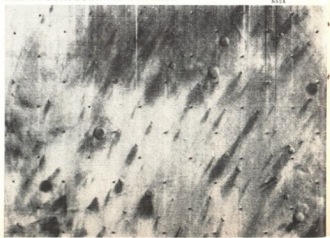
### A Boost for Nefertiti

The exquisite sculpture depicting the ancient Egyptian Queen testifies to the appropriateness of her name: Nefertiti, "The Beautiful One Is Come." Now University of Pennsylvania Archaeologist Ray Winfield Smith has suggested that she had brains to match her looks. His evidence: carvings on the scattered fragments of a temple erected at Karnak in the 14th century B.C. by the Queen's husband, Pharaoh Akhenaten. After analyzing photographs of 35,000 pieces of this archaeological jigsaw puzzle, Smith reports that Nefertiti is depicted more often than the Pharaoh—an unheard-of honor for a woman of her time. Akhenaten's own portraits depict thick lips, feminine hips and thighs, and rudimentary breasts. The King, says Archaeologist Smith, may have suffered from a hormonal malfunction that left him simpleminded and sterile. All of which suggests to Smith that Nefertiti's six daughters were not sired by her husband, and that she played a large part of the role usually assigned to the sun-worshipping Pharaoh, founder of history's first monotheistic religion.

SUPER VOLCANO, SIX MILES HIGH, 310 MILES WIDE



SAND SHADOWS DOWNWIND OF CRATERS



NASA



## MONEY

## The End of a Gamble

THE Nixon Administration has deliberately stalled for nearly two months in seeking the necessary congressional approval of the dollar devaluation that it agreed to last December. Reason: the President and Treasury Secretary John Connally believed that they could use the delay to wring a few further trade concessions from Japan and the Common Market nations. It was a high-stakes gamble, since their plan ran the risk of undermining confidence in the entire new system of currency exchange rates worked out in the Smithsonian agreement. Last week that system began to teeter, and the Administration decided to take what it could get and end the suspense. In Brussels, U.S. negotiators reached agreement with Common Market officials on several key trade issues. In Washington, Connally promised to send to Congress this week the long-awaited bill raising the price of gold and thus officially lowering the value of the dollar.

The monetary flurry was far short of an outright crisis, but it was nonetheless an uncomfortable reminder that not even the sweeping Smithsonian agreement had ended the world's money jitters. At one point, the dollar's trading value in West Germany sank so close to its allowable minimum that the Bundesbank spent some \$90 million worth of marks to support it, the first time such intervention has been necessary under the new rates. At the same time, the price of gold on Europe's free markets soared to record heights of nearly \$50 per ounce (v. the post-devaluation official rate of \$38). After the U.S.-Common Market agreement was announced, the two courses reversed, with dollars gaining and gold losing in value.

**Bits of Hearsay.** The mini-panic was caused by a combination of wild rumor and hard economic fact. European speculators have been trading bits of unfounded hearsay that the Italian central bank was secretly selling some of its dollars for gold on the free market and that the U.S. Congress was somehow planning to double the price of gold. More sensible investors were troubled by the huge U.S. budget deficit that Nixon disclosed two weeks ago—which they feared would lead to further dollar-weakening American inflation—and by the gap between Europe's relatively high interest rates and the current low cost of money in the U.S. That disparity has at least temporarily prevented the large-scale return of dollars

held abroad to U.S. securities, one of the expected results of devaluation. As a result, some dollar holders were convinced that devaluation was not working and sold out for other currencies.

Europeans were most disturbed by Connally's calculatedly slowpoke handling of the gold bill. They regarded the delay as a polite form of blackmail, aimed at forcing trade concessions from them as the price of monetary sta-

from competition with U.S. wheat on the world market. Looking toward long-range reform, the negotiators agreed to begin talks next year aimed at reducing tariffs and other trade barriers on a wide variety of goods and raw materials. All in all, the terms seemed to provide some important concessions on the part of the Europeans, but hardly a trade victory worth the risks that Connally ran.

Washington's part of the bargain was to promise speedy passage of the gold bill. However, since both houses of Congress will hold hearings on the bill before voting, it probably cannot become law until well into March. Considering the uncertainty and ill will needlessly caused by the delay so far, that leaves plenty of time for the fragile monetary system to suffer yet another round of spasms.

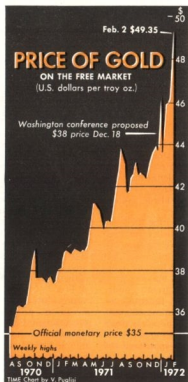
## FORECASTS

## A Time for Revisions

Though prospects for solid economic advances for the rest of this year remain good, a strain of uncertainty in recent weeks has brought a slight dip in earlier forecasts. The main cause: the Government's downward revision of last year's estimated gross national product, which fell \$4 billion below expectations, to \$1,047 billion. Besides lowering the base from which 1972 starts, the revision also automatically shaves down the anticipated totals for this year by lifting the economy off into the new year on a less sharp curve than expected.

Last week members of TIME's Board of Economists pared their earlier growth forecasts. They now expect G.N.P. increases of \$91 billion to \$100 billion v. earlier predictions of \$94 billion to \$103 billion. Not all the estimates were lowered on merely technical grounds. Board Member Alan Greenspan sees a slight deterioration in the "quality of the outlook." He cites continued high personal savings rates, less exuberant consumer buying than foreseen in January, sluggish bank-loan demand and slow inventory accumulation.

Monetarist Beryl Sprinkel believes that the lag effect of the extremely tight money policy pursued by the Federal Reserve in the second half of last year will "knock a few billion dollars off the G.N.P. in 1972." Despite these caveats, most board members agree that the economy should pick up strongly in the months ahead—if only because of the stimulative effects of the Administration's big election-year budget deficit. One early sign: the unemployment rate dropped slightly to 5.9% last month.



bility. Then, as time dragged on, some believed that Nixon might try to gain trade advantages on his own by seeking approval of a devaluation larger than the 8.57% level agreed to in December. After all, London's *Financial Times* noted icily, the Nixon Administration "has been known before now to reverse itself suddenly."

The trade package negotiated last week included a Common Market agreement to cut tariffs on U.S. oranges and grapefruit, a move that should encourage sale of these goods in Europe. In addition, the European Economic Community agreed to stockpile 1.5 million tons of wheat, thus eliminating part of this year's crop

# The Future of Free Enterprise

THE U.S. is universally recognized as the capital of capitalism, the land of free markets and the home of resourceful entrepreneurs. More than any other country, it has been known for leaving an entrepreneur free to decide prices for his products and set wages for his workers, free to grow and prosper—and free to go bankrupt if he failed. Historically, the U.S. Government has often done much to strengthen those twin pillars of free enterprise, private ownership and unfettered competition. Americans have grown so accustomed to living under free enterprise that they rarely even think in terms of class struggles, expropriation, the proletariat or other concepts that mark national debate elsewhere.

Only in the U.S. are airlines, radio and television networks, telephone systems, power companies and all other major industries owned primarily by private individuals. By contrast, Japan is a corporate state in which government and industry are so closely interrelated that it is difficult to tell which segment is in control. Half of France's auto industry is owned by the state; 35% of Italy's industrial production is state controlled.

Recently, however, free enterprise in the U.S. has been under heavy pressure—not so much from the New Left or consumerist critics as from some of the system's primary defenders, namely the Republican Party and private businessmen. By ordering the first controls in the nation's history (outside of a military emergency) clamped on wages, prices and rents, President Nixon made one of the boldest encroachments so far on the free-enterprise system. Nixon's New Economic Policy is, in fact, only the latest and most dramatic in a series of events that seem to challenge the principle of free enterprise. In business, the role of Government is fast growing larger—as savior, subsidizer, owner, regulator, decision maker.

It is business leaders themselves who often urge the Government to step in. When the aerospace industry tumbled into trouble last year, its generally conservative captains implored Washington for subsidies to bail out Lockheed (successful) and save the SST (unsuccessful). When the housing industry slumped in the late 1960s, home builders pressured the Government to increase subsidies greatly; under the present Administration, the number of federally assisted housing starts has jumped 150%, to almost 400,000. After passenger rail service had become a hopeless drain on profit, Congress last year relieved the railroads of that burden by creating Amtrak, the Government-sponsored rail corporation.

The Government's recent actions raise troubling questions. Does free enterprise have much of a future? If so, what should be done to preserve and strengthen the system? If not, what will replace it?

Actually, the system has never been as free as its folklore suggests. Business and Government have often been partners in a common-law marriage. What is happening now is largely an intensification of a long process of Government involvement.

Many early American capitalists built their fortunes by prying favors and subsidies out of the Government, including publicly financed roads and canals that were tailored to their needs, direct land grants and protective tariffs. The first steps toward Government regulation of industry were prompted not primarily by bureaucrats or muckrakers but by businessmen themselves. Around the turn of the century they persuaded the Government to referee ruinous competition, stabilize markets and guarantee a steady line of credit by creating the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Re-

serve System and other agencies of the Progressive era. Some businessmen urged the Government to go even further. As Judge Elbert Gary, first chairman of U.S. Steel Corp., told a somewhat startled congressional committee in 1911: "I believe we must come to enforced publicity and Government control, even as to prices."

As conservatives have never ceased grumbling, Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal pushed the Government even deeper into free-market restraints by creating the Securities and Exchange Commission (which regulates the securities business), expanding the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (which started the Government rescuing companies from bankruptcy), and introducing the minimum wage law (which set a precedent for some wage controls). During World War II and the Korean War, the Government imposed temporary wage and price controls.

The most important incursion of all came when Congress passed the Employment Act of 1946, which once and for all committed the Government to take all necessary steps "to promote maximum employment, production and purchasing power." Using that broad political charter and the economic principles of John Maynard Keynes, every President since 1946 has wielded the powers of Government in attempts to keep the level of jobs high and prices low. Richard Nixon's controls are by far the most drastic moves toward that goal in the past quarter-century. Yet in the Government's arsenal, controls are merely one form of economic weaponry, along with fiscal and monetary policy.

The Government's influence on the private economy will become even greater in the future. But the nation is not creeping toward a corporate state or outright socialism. Aside from the special case of railroads, for example, there is little popular support for having Washington take control of basic industries. Still, the Government will increasingly exert its great power in three ways:

*First, Washington will involve itself more and more as a goal setter and rules maker for business—largely because many business leaders want it to do so.* Banker David Rockefeller, General Motors' ex-Chairman James Roche and A.T. & T. Chairman H.I. Romnes are among the prominent nonrevolutionaries who have endorsed the National Urban Coalition's proposed "counter-budget," which calls for the Government by the mid-1970s to establish a guaranteed annual income, start a national health-insurance program, and double federal outlays for education. Only the Federal Government is in a position to direct an attack on a wide array of national problems—environmental pollution, urban deterioration, auto and job safety. The business community is too fragmented, and individual managers are too preoccupied with their own companies' affairs, to undertake the task alone.

At the same time, the federal role will be restricted by the fact that not even the Government is rich or powerful enough to solve all the nation's needs and problems without help from business and the public. A prime example is pollution control. Businessmen are urging the Government to set clear, firm national standards. Only in that way can entrepreneurs compete on equal terms; no one will be able to use plain self-interest or lax local laws to cut his antipollution costs. But if the Government were to attempt to spend all the billions necessary to clean up the nation's air and waters, it would break the already deficit-ridden federal budget. The cost of cleanup is so enormous that it can be met only by adding to the prices of the major products of pollution—gasoline, electric energy, steel, fertilizers and others—and thus ultimately making consumers pay the bill. Thus the Government may set the goals and stan-

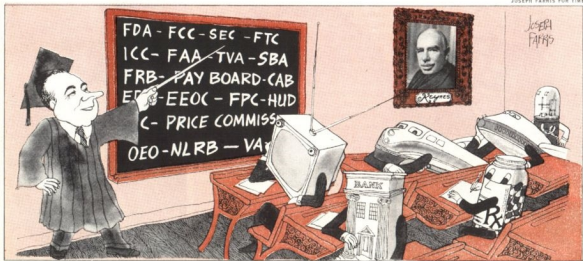
dards, but the problem can be solved in the private market.

Second, the Government will become a sterner policeman of private enterprise. Responding to a surge of rising public expectations about corporate performance, Washington is stepping up its regulatory efforts. Nixon-appointed heads of federal agencies are already outdoing their Democratic predecessors in bedeviling businessmen with tougher rules on auto safety, toy safety, food and drug quality, truth in advertising, disclosure of financial information and other securities practices, as new regulations proposed last week by the SEC indicate (see BUSINESS). In 1970 Congress passed environmental protection and industrial safety acts that empower the Government to seek court orders banning certain methods of production, and even closing down some plants in basic industries—notably autos, steel, oil, electric power and coal mining—when they violate federal pollution or job-hazard standards. By 1975, federal officials will be responsible for almost as many basic decisions in auto design as the auto companies' engineers. Stiffer regulation, however, is not a constraint on free enterprise. In an increasingly large and complex economy, regulation is what prevents the pursuit of profit from leading to harmful products, destructive dis-economies like pollution, the ex-

enterprise will be greatly strengthened. When the economy is growing, entrepreneurs have a much greater opportunity to start and enlarge businesses. When costs are stable, established businessmen find it much easier to lower the prices of their own products in pursuit of competitiveness.

Free enterprise should be valued, preserved and strengthened. It is not fundamentally endangered by Government attempts to set rules or goals for business to solve social problems or by efforts to straighten out the economy by setting wage-and-price controls. The real threat comes from quite another source: the steady increase of economic power concentrated in large corporations and large unions. Today the 100 biggest industrial corporations control about half the nation's corporate manufacturing assets, an even greater percentage than the 200 largest companies controlled 20 years ago. These corporations may be beneficent and efficient, though smaller firms are often better in both categories. The sheer size of the giants, however, hampers new entrepreneurs from entering some industries and expanding in others. A handful of companies dominate auto, aerospace, steel, aluminum and computer manufacturing so thoroughly that new companies find it nearly impossible to

JOSEPH FABRIS FOR TIME



ploitation of customers and other threats to the stability of the business system.

Third, the Government will likely continue some form of surveillance over wages and prices. In his economic report to Congress two weeks ago, President Nixon implied that controls will remain at least until the end of this year and perhaps longer. Beyond that, the U.S. will probably have some looser form of Government wage-and-price supervision more or less indefinitely. At his farewell press conference in December, Paul McCracken, the President's outgoing Chief Economic Adviser, said that the Government may have to take steps to moderate prices "for a long time to come, even after Phase II has done its thing."

Many economists and businessmen favor a system of voluntary wage-price guidelines, such as existed with varying success during the Kennedy-Johnson years. Companies and unions would probably be reluctant to transgress these guidelines, if for no other reason than that the Government, having set a precedent for peacetime controls, could always go back to them. Says Walter Heller, a member of TIME's Board of Economists: "Things will never be the same again. Even after controls are lifted, there will be the threat of their reimposition. As Al Capone put it: 'You can get so much farther with a kind word and a gun than with a kind word alone.'"

If the Government, whether under Republican or Democratic auspices, can curtail inflation and revive the economy by using such tools as controls and guidelines, free

break in. If the U.S. wants to expand free enterprise in these and other basic areas, the Government will have to become more vigorous in pursuing antitrust policies.

Free enterprise is also restrained by giant national unions. Because they are often more powerful than their generally small employers, the building-trades unions can demand—and get—exorbitant wage increases, make-work practices, and restrictions on the use of new methods and materials. Similar abuses are committed by the Teamsters, the maritime unions and the civil service workers. Sooner or later, some U.S. President will have to challenge union power and put an end to such enterprise-sapping practices as the union hiring hall and featherbedding. That man may as well be Richard Nixon, since the great majority of union leaders already vehemently oppose him and he has little to lose.

The U.S. should make free enterprise even more competitive and more responsive to the nation's needs. That may require some more effective form of Government planning to coordinate the resources of businesses with the spending and taxation policies of federal, state and local governments. The capitalist economy may thus eventually take on some features of socialism, just as socialism over the years has adopted some practices of capitalism. Yet a nation that accounts annually for nearly half of the non-Communist world's gross national product, and has more individual business enterprises than many countries have people, is surely strong and diverse enough to accommodate the best features of both systems.

Donald M. Morrison

## WALL STREET

## Tightening the Rules

FOR years, the largely self-regulated stock-trading business has nurtured practices and procedures that have seemed increasingly inadequate to the needs of the growing army of U.S. investors. After the recent recession caused more than a hundred brokerage firms to merge or go under, a clamor arose for tighter Government regulation. Last week the Securities and Exchange Commission unbundled a set

WALTER BENNETT



SEC CHAIRMAN WILLIAM CASEY

of proposals that could drastically alter exchange operations and the way that stocks are traded.

Most significant for the individual investor is a recommendation that all the national and regional U.S. exchanges be tied together electronically to form, in effect, a single central market. At present, the same stock may be traded on exchanges in New York, Boston, San Francisco and Chicago, and each exchange will publish information on its prices and trading volume on a separate tape that mostly goes to brokerage houses in the immediate area. As a rule, an investor buying or selling stock in New York, say, will see only what is happening to that stock on the New York exchange and will have no knowledge of how actively it is trading in the other markets or at what prices; thus he cannot get a feel for the total market. In addition, many exchange-listed stocks are traded in the so-called "third market" by brokers who are not members of any ex-

change and who do not report any price or volume information at all.

Under the SEC plan, all trades in listed stocks on any exchange or in the third market would be reported continuously on a single unified tape that would be available all over the country. Committees made up of SEC members and securities men are now studying ways to set up and operate such a complex tape system and are expected to make their initial set of suggestions in three months.

The SEC also decided to hack further into the system of fixed commissions that brokers charge on stock transactions. Starting in April, brokers will have to negotiate fees with customers who buy or sell stock in blocks worth more than \$300,000; the minimum now is \$500,000. Though the new rule is less stringent than some Wall Streeters had expected, it still will cut brokers' revenues by practically forcing them to reduce commissions on more trades executed for hard-bargaining mutual funds and other big investors. Richard Jenrette, president of Manhattan's Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, predicts that the new rule will "accelerate the trend toward smaller houses closing down or merging with bigger firms."

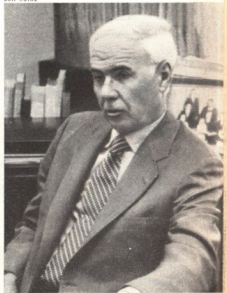
**No Satisfaction.** The most technical and most controversial of the SEC proposals is a plan to permit institutional investors such as mutual funds and insurance companies to own brokerage houses that are members of stock exchanges—though only under tight limitations. An institution with such a brokerage subsidiary can in effect pocket the commissions that it otherwise would have to pay independent brokers. Institution subsidiaries now hold seats on some regional exchanges but are rigidly barred from the New York and American exchanges.

The SEC attempted to reach a compromise on the issue and satisfied nobody. It would let institution-owned brokerages hold exchange seats only if "significantly more than half"—and maybe as high as two-thirds—of their trading business comes from the public rather than from the parent company. That rule would give institutions a toe in the door of the major exchanges but force them off some of the regional exchanges that have pre-invited them under less rigid rules.

The SEC can put its unified-tape and negotiated-commission proposals into effect on its own, but it may need congressional approval for its recommendation on institutional member-

ship. In Congress, however, its proposals are already under fire. Senate Banking Subcommittee Chairman Harrison Williams and House Banking Subcommittee Chairman John Moss agree that the SEC proposals are too wishy-washy, though for different reasons. Williams wants the limit on negotiated commissions lowered to \$100,000; Moss had hoped that the SEC would flatly forbid institutional membership on any exchange. Both plan to hold hearings, out of which may come a congressional program for restructuring the securities industry that is based on a model different from any of the SEC proposals.

SKIP HODGE



CONTROL DATA'S PRESIDENT NORRIS

## COMPUTERS

## Ford or Edsel?

William C. Norris was once fond of claiming that Control Data Corp., the company that he formed nearly 15 years ago, was destined to play Ford in the computer industry to IBM's General Motors. And indeed he put together with astonishing speed a company that by 1968 was making more money selling and leasing computers than anyone except IBM. But now the Minneapolis-based CDC looks more like a computer Edsel. Its share of the global market has dwindled to 2.7%, from 4.2% four years ago, and in the past two years it has lost more than \$45 million on computer operations. In order to raise badly needed cash last year, it sold off or leased some of its extensive Minneapolis property holdings, and it was able to swing a loan of \$245 million from a group of 14 banks headed by Chase Manhattan



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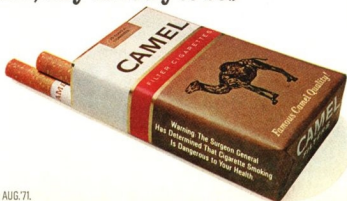
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## BUSINESS

only after agreeing to let Chase lock up some of a subsidiary's stock in a vault as security.

In part, CDC has been a victim of the 1970 recession and the slow 1971 recovery. Its key business is supplying mammoth, superfast computers to nuclear researchers, university laboratories and aerospace companies—all of which have had to cut their budgets. Also, the hefty profits that CDC once earned by selling rotating disc files, line printers and other peripheral gear have all but disappeared. IBM has become a major manufacturer of peripherals for its own and other computers and sells them at prices lower than those that Control Data has been used to charging.

Equally important, however, has been Norris' penchant to spend money faster than CDC could earn it. Norris, a 60-year-old former Univac general manager, has been determined not to pinch pennies in his drive to challenge IBM. Last year, in order to attract more business, he built six data centers at a cost of \$10 million each. When financial advisers advised him to build only one center at a time, Norris branded their counsel "chicken-hearted." He has maintained an inventory of more than \$300 million worth of computers and peripherals, about twice what the company's \$540 million annual revenues would require. He has also spent \$1.5 million annually since 1968 on an antitrust suit charging IBM with unfair trade and advertising practices; competitors doubt that he will recover enough in damages to pay the cost.

**Dependent Parent.** Undeterred, Norris is spending more money. Under a deal arranged two weeks ago with National Cash Register, CDC will spend \$25 million on a joint venture that will design and manufacture peripherals and make the computers of both companies compatible. Norris contends that the joint venture will enable both firms to share research and development costs, while providing each with a full line of computers. Other computer executives, noting that NCR has only 3.9% of the worldwide computer market, gibe that the joint venture is only a case of "putting two losers together." An earlier attempt at a merger with Honeywell, a profitable computer maker also based in Minneapolis, fell through when Norris insisted that he become head of the merged operation.

Norris has made one effective acquisition: in 1968 Control Data bought Commercial Credit Co. of Baltimore, a highly profitable financing, leasing and insurance operation. In 1970, even Commercial Credit's earnings could not keep Control Data in the black; whether they did so last year depends upon what write-offs, if any, Norris might make in the computer business. Either way the parent is now looking to the stepchild for support.



YAK-40S IN MOSCOW READY FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY

## AVIATION

### The YAKs Are Coming

In a shiny new hangar near Barranquilla, Colombia, a team of Soviet technicians has been assembling a plane that looks like a small bullet with wings. The stubby little jet, known as the "Codling" to NATO plane spotters and as YAK-40 to its builders, is the leading edge of a Soviet thrust into Western aviation markets. The YAKs are coming.

The Barranquilla project is part of a proposed sale of five YAKs to Aerocondor, a Colombian airline. In addition, two regional airlines and a travel agency in West Germany have ordered eight YAK-40s and taken options on six more. A small charter carrier in Italy has two of the jets on order. Commuter airlines in Italy, France, England and Sweden are dicker for YAKs with Aviaexport, the Soviet aircraft export agency. Aviaexport has asked the Boeing Co. to distribute and service the plane in the U.S.

**Like the DC-3.** A 27-seat trijet, the YAK can fly on one engine and take off or land on a 1,300-ft-long dirt strip. It sells for less than \$1,200,000. As the designer, Alexei Yakovlev, told TIME Correspondent Jerry Hannifin: "My ship is a true jet successor to the Douglas DC-3. The YAK-40 can operate out of any field that can take a DC-3, and no other jet transport meets that specification."

Aviaexport is now eager to sell YAKs abroad, principally to developing countries that lack modern airport facilities. The agency gives exceptionally easy credit terms. For the Colombians, they were no money down with 15 years to pay at 2% interest. The Soviets have also offered to build a factory in Colombia that would supply YAKs to the rest of the Western Hemisphere. Colombian officials have not ac-

cepted the deal, but they have let the Russians assemble a sample plane at Barranquilla that will soon begin demonstration flights in ten countries.

As impressive as the YAK may be, it is hardly an immediate threat to U.S. aviation superiority. The Soviets have been slow to deliver: two of the three YAKs ordered by the Italian charter airline Aeritirrenna two years ago have not yet been received. The delay is caused partly by local aviation authorities, who must certify new models as to airworthiness before allowing them to enter service. The Soviets only recently allowed Italian and West German inspectors to visit all the YAK component factories necessary for certification.

**Spare Parts.** European officials have already insisted that new dual hydraulic systems, fire safety devices, instrumentation and radio navigation equipment be installed to meet Western standards. Reluctant to aid any Russian foray into Western aviation markets, the State Department has long opposed any U.S. certification of the YAK for service, but that opposition is softening with the new White House interest in increased Soviet trade. Nonetheless, it may be years before some Western buyers are ready to depend on the Soviets for servicing and spare parts.

Aviaexport salesmen are moving on other fronts. Boeing and Aviaexport are competing for the sale of eight medium- and long-range transports to Egypt. A West German building contractor has bought a giant Soviet KA-26 helicopter. Aviaexport's man in West Germany reports that he is negotiating to sell a 250-passenger TU-154 jet to a local travel combine. Now that plans for an American SST have been scrapped, some Western airline executives have been visiting Moscow to examine the TU-144 supersonic transport, which is scheduled to begin regular flights inside Russia next year.

## MUSIC

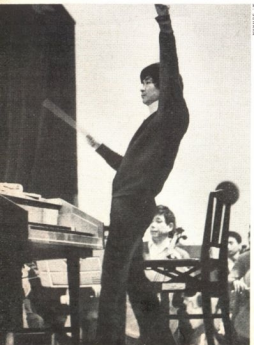
### Two-Castle Man

"Once upon a time," says Japanese Conductor Seiji Ozawa, "nearly every major orchestra was a dedicated maestro's proudest castle. It no longer is." Where one castle used to suffice for a Toscanini or a Koussevitsky, now only two—or more—will do. Pierre Boulez now jets between the New York Philharmonic and London's BBC Symphony, Georg Solti between the Chicago Symphony and Orchestre de Paris, Zubin Mehta between the Los Angeles and Israel Philharmonics, Lorin Maazel between London's New Philharmonia and the Berlin Radio Orchestra; Maazel will also conduct the Cleveland Orchestra beginning next fall.

No one, however, typifies the new mobility better than lithe, mod Ozawa. Last week, at 36, Ozawa grabbed off one of the biggest plums in American orchestral life: the august, auburn-sounding Boston Symphony, which he will take over in 1973. Since he already has another juicy plum in hand as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony and has no plans to give it up, Ozawa has instantly become one of the most powerful and busy men in American music.

If anyone can handle both San Francisco and Boston, it is Ozawa. He is at once a demanding orchestral perfectionist—especially brilliant with 20th century music—and a genial man under whom musicians enjoy working. If a flaw could be found in his musical makeup, it is that he often seems to be learning his repertoire as he goes along from hall to hall, hotel to hotel.

SEIJI OZAWA REHEARSING IN TOKYO



Sometimes the results are scrappy, but more usually they are exciting and blooming with fresh thought.

Boston's choice of Ozawa ended a wearying man hunt. In a bit of jet-setting of his own, the Pittsburgh Symphony's William Steinberg took on the Boston post for a three-year period, in 1969, succeeding Erich Leinsdorf, but had to curtail his activities almost immediately because of ill health. With Pittsburgh's schedule expanding, and because of the heavy dual load, Steinberg, 72, decided early on not to return to Boston next year.

Michael Tilson Thomas, 27, the talented associate conductor who has brilliantly filled in for Steinberg and who was a popular favorite for the job, was passed over largely because of his age and lack of administrative experience. He and London's Colin Davis will be on hand starting next season as principal guest conductors.

Ozawa and the other two-castle men are not necessarily greedy for power. There are simply not enough superstar conductors of great luster to go around. The result of all the doubling up sometimes seems to be a numbing jet-age confusion, affecting conductor and orchestra alike, but it is the answer to necessity. Like almost every other orchestra in the nation, the Boston Symphony needs money and a new young audience. One way to win both is to hire a conductor who is an established name in the LP marketplace, and who is attractive, personable and young. He should also be musical. The closest thing possible, in other words, to a Leonard Bernstein. Right now that just happens to be Ozawa, a Bernstein protégé whom Lenny first heard in 1960 and later hired as assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic. Married to a former Tokyo model named Vera, and the father of a baby girl born in December, Ozawa is as hip as can be. At a recent recital by Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, Ozawa, still sporting his familiar Beate hairdo, wore a red turtleneck and carried a leather purse on a long-ish strap. Is Boston ready for this?

### Switched-Off Bach

It was a memorable moment for those happy few who still believe that man has a chance against the machine. Last week *Switched-On Bach*, one of the all-time classical bestsellers (\$2,000,000 in sales), was finally dethroned after two years and 49 weeks in the No. 1 spot on *Billboard's* classical chart. SOB was originally brought to you by the same folks—Walter Carlos and Rachel Elkind—who set Beethoven and Purcell to the Moog synthesizer, or vice versa, in the film *A Clockwork Orange*. Switching *Switched* off into second place, the new champ: *Mass* by Leonard Bernstein (TIME, Sept. 20), which has sold 129,000 copies in less than two months.

## MILESTONES

**Divorced.** George C. Scott, 44, the gifted, moody actor who last year declined an Oscar for his role in *Paton* (TIME cover, March 22); and Colleen Dewhurst, 47, Broadway star; on grounds of incompatibility; after nine years of marriage and one previous divorce from each other, two children; in Santo Domingo.

**Died.** Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, 51, King of the Himalayan state of Nepal and the world's only Hindu monarch; of a heart attack; in Bharatpur, Nepal. Though he was a member of Nepal's royal dynasty, Mahendra was kept a palace prisoner for the first 30 years of his life because real power in his country had long since fallen to the aristocratic Rana family. In 1951, Mahendra and his father King Tribhuvan led a popular revolution that ousted the Ranas, and four years later Mahendra succeeded to both the throne and control of the government. He proved to be adept at foreign affairs and kept Nepal in wary nonalignment between its two powerful neighbors, India and China.

**Died.** Jessie Royce Landis, 67, veteran actress who appeared in more than 50 plays, 20 films and a variety of television shows; of cancer; in Danbury, Conn. "Most actresses won't play mothers because they think they won't be offered any more glamour parts," she said after turning 50. "That leaves me a clear field." While many of her contemporaries disappeared from public view in middle age, Landis kept busy by mothering the likes of Grace Kelly, Susan Hayward, Montgomery Clift and Cary Grant.

**Died.** Marianne Moore, 84, America's premier poetess and baseball fan; in Manhattan. Born in suburban St. Louis, Miss Moore graduated from Bryn Mawr, taught for a time, but soon discovered her vocation: writing meticulously crafted poems in which, as she once said, "the words simply cluster like chromosomes." A consummate alchemist at turning trivia into metaphysical gold, Miss Moore was once described by Robert Lowell quite simply as "the best woman poet in English." She often celebrated in verse the serendipitous loves of her active life: Brooklyn, the Dodgers, animals, plants, tricorn hats, health foods, the subway. Sprightly, independent, gregarious, she won a Pulitzer Prize in 1952 for her *Collected Poems*, but perhaps valued more highly throwing out the first ball to open the 1968 baseball season in Yankee Stadium. As she once wrote, "Satisfaction is a lowly thing, how pure a thing is joy./This is mortality./This is eternity."



## The time to start feeding your baby right is several years before it's born.

By the time you've started to knit things, it could already be too late.

To nurture the baby growing inside her, a mother needs the strength that comes from years of good eating habits. During pregnancy, nutrition can have a direct effect on early brain growth. A seriously malnourished mother means a seriously deprived fetus. And that means a child born with less than full potential, physically and mentally.

Sound scary? It is. A malnourished mother is more likely to bear a premature, undersized baby (and the younger she is, the greater is the risk). The kind

of baby who is least equipped to cope with the demands of living in today's society. The kind of baby who suffers the highest infant mortality rate.

Actually, the rate of infant mortality has improved in the U.S. It has dropped 25% in 10 years.

But more can be done. Much more. If society can be educated and motivated to better dietary habits. Then we can break a link in the vicious circle of poverty and ignorance that leads to malnutrition...that leads to underdeveloped children...that leads to poverty and ignorance again.

A big part of the job is education. We at the American Medical Association want to do our part. (70% of our budget goes to health and scientific education.)

One of the things the AMA will be doing in this area is to sponsor the National Congress on the Quality of Life, March 22-25 in Chicago. We hope it will be an important step in reaching this basic health standard for America: a healthy mother and a healthy child.

With all of man's concern about his environment, we doctors want to remind him of his first and most formative environment. The mother's womb.

**America's Doctors of Medicine**

## THE THEATER

### Aussie Absurdist

ROOTED

by ALEXANDER BUZO

Absurdist playwrights like Ionesco and Pinter have taken as their special province the psychic dissonance—both funny and unnerving—that occurs when words are out of sync with reality, as in a dubbed movie. This is at the root of *Rooted*, the first full-length play by Australia's Alexander Buzo, 28, which is being given its U.S. première by Connecticut's Hartford Stage Company. Buzo is no tracing-paper mimic; he is linked to Ionesco

DAVID ROSS/INS



JACK MURDOCK IN "ROOTED"  
Words out of sync.

and Pinter by an intuitive kinship of mind, spirit and talent.

The play's hero, Bentley (Jack Murdock), speaks ad copy. He is the adjunct of his possessions, the stereo set, transistor and white antiseptic machine for nonliving that he calls his "home unit." He adores his wife (Barbara Caruso) though she makes him a voyeur to his own cuckolding. He has unquestioning faith in his friends, though they are parasitic phonies. Perishing in a snowdrift of optimistic clichés, Bentley loses all—home, wife, job, future.

In the wings, and never seen, is a devil *ex machina*, Simmo, a man who strip-mines simple souls like Bentley. Buzo tells us that the meek do not inherit the earth, and that the power-brutes who do pocket only cinders. Rarely has black comedy been more lavish in its laughter. As for Murdock's Bentley, it is a masterly portrait, initially of a puppy dog, later of a crushed fellow human whom no one could fail to cherish.

■ T.E. Kolem



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Get behind an A&C Grenadier. Or try a Panetela a Saber or any one of A&C's other sizes and shapes.



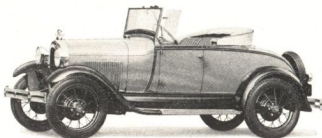
**Antonio y Cleopatra.**  
**Look ahead. Buy the box.**

**You're  
ahead  
behind an  
A&C Grenadier.**

**Real flavor, quality tobaccos  
and a great shape  
keep Grenadiers up front.**



**The 1929 Ford Standard Roadster was a good little car  
at a good little price.**



1929 Ford Model A Standard Roadster.



1972 Ford Pinto 2-Door Sedan.

**The 1972 Ford Pinto is a good little car at a good little price.  
In fact, it's the lowest priced of the 3 leading economy cars.<sup>†</sup>  
\$1960.\***

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Moreover, we believe we give you more car for that \$1960 than some other cars give you for more.

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**When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.**

**FORD PINTO**

FORD DIVISION



<sup>†</sup>Based on a comparison of manufacturer's retail prices for the base 2-door model.

\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Does not include destination charges, dealer preparation charges (if any), state and local taxes, license and title fees.

## The Ancient Mariners

The S.S. France, the world's longest, largest, fastest ocean liner, is in the Pacific this week, a month into a 91-day round-the-world cruise that includes calls at 27 ports. Aboard are some 1,150 passengers, mostly American or French. Occupying cabins or suites that cost from a minimum of \$5,640 to \$99,340, they have paid the French Line a total of over \$11 million for the cruise, thus setting a new maritime record of sorts. TIME Associate Editor Edwin Bolwell was on board the France as it sailed between New York and Trinidad. Here is his report:

ing around barefooted and in hot pants by day and in clinging dresses at night. She so contrasted with the other passengers that one American matron inquired: "Tell me, dear, did the French Line pay your way on board to live in things up?"

Some of the more mature passengers also managed to swing, though less overtly. A European blonde in her mid-50s cuddled quietly with five different men on the first five days at sea. A spinster from North America discreetly resumed a four-year-old liaison with a cabin boy. "He might not be an officer," explained one of her friends, "but he is an intelligent cabin boy. And very kind." A few other

it at every meal, apparently to make it easier to lift her knife. Suzanne Barré, a Canadian widow taking her 31st S.S. France voyage, packed 49 evening gowns. Five European couples signed up for \$10,000 worth of shore tours,\* and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Wertheimer of Lausanne paid \$910 extra to take their pet poodle along. The Alexis Nihon family of Nassau, living in the highest-priced suite, stashed away 25 cases each of Crown Royal Whisky, Seagram's V.O. and sugar-cane brandy to hand out as gifts. Mrs. Cornelius Crane of New York packed her harp. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Chamberlin of Maine filled a cigarette box in their \$73,000 suite with 500 crisp dollar bills for small tips. The Chamberlins also stocked their quarters with a supply of Boston baked beans, peanut butter, fish balls and homemade cranberry jelly.

VACCARO STAFF CORP.



AS THE S.S. "FRANCE" SAILS INTO THE CARIBBEAN, PASSENGERS STRETCH OUT ON DECK TO ENJOY THE TROPICAL SUN

ON most cruises, Neptune is king. On this voyage, Methuselah rules. The average age of the passengers is mid-60s, and when the handful of children and smattering of under-40s is out of sight—which is often—it seems even higher. Also, word leaked out that 31 would-be passengers, mostly elderly, died between the time they booked their cabins and the ship left its home port of Le Havre. (The vacancies were quickly filled.) As a result, the prevailing atmosphere is less glamorous than geriatric.

Much of the entertainment contributes to the mood. An early featured movie was the original version of *Stagecoach*, starring a youthful John Wayne. The ship's closed circuit TV system shows reruns of *Ensign O'Toole* and *Burke's Law*. In the main lounges at night, small hands play a lot of tangos and waltzes. There is a discothèque with hotter music, but its floor is often deserted.

Many of the older passengers, however, seemed to enjoy the occasional flashes of vivacity on board. Pretty Patty Sines of West Virginia, in her mid-20s and traveling alone, quickly became the belle of the bateau, bounc-

ing around barefooted and in hot pants by day and in clinging dresses at night. She so contrasted with the other passengers that one American matron inquired: "Tell me, dear, did the French Line pay your way on board to live in things up?"

matrons found comfort with the gaggle of gigolos aboard. Gay liberation was also evident. Punned one ship's officer: "We are carrying both lifeboats and fairies."

Despite the luxury-cruise prices, the S.S. France is more streamlined than elegant. In service since 1962, it was designed primarily to carry 500 first-class and 1,500 tourist passengers on Atlantic crossings; closing some of the smaller cabins for the current cruise did not automatically transform it into a one-class luxury liner. Most of the furniture aboard is covered with functional vinyl, and there is no outdoor swimming pool.

The passengers include retired lawyers, doctors, realtors, a former speechwriter for Franklin D. Roosevelt, a banana exporter from Brazil, a 42-year-old mother of seven from Quebec, and the couple who operate stall 22 at the Flea Market in Nice. But to the obvious disappointment of many passengers, there is hardly a recognizable celebrity to goggle at.

To compensate for the lack of famous faces, there were diverting touches of opulence. One Frenchwoman wore a ring so heavy that she removed

Word about that larder was borne stoically by Chief Henri Le Huédec, whose own provisions run to caviar, partridge, grouse and quail.

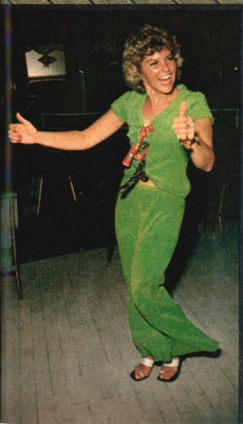
In addition to activities common to most cruise ships—bingo, toy-horse races, bridge, Ping Pong and shuffleboard—passengers on this voyage are offered classes in art, cooking and wine tasting, as well as classical concerts, lectures on the regions to be visited and 14 costume balls.

If that is not enough to keep them occupied, the passengers can always visit the ship's complement of four doctors and one dentist (normally only two doctors are aboard) and get medical care at standard French government rates, a bargain by U.S. standards. The France's medical contingent, prepared for the ailments of the aged, has already had some surprises. On the first day out of New York, three women inquired about abortions.

\* More than 200 Cook's tours are available, ranging from a \$5 drive around Colombo to a \$1,395 jaunt (by motor coach, plane, car and river launch) between Hong Kong and Bombay. One side trip promoted by the French Line but as of last week still unapproved by the Chinese government: a two-day visit to Canton.



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY VACCARO STAFF CORP.



ALL ABOARD THE S.S. FRANCE: A PALM BEACH SWINGER WITH A PHILADELPHIA WIDOW; A PANTSUITED BLONDE FROM CANNES; A RARE TOPLESS SUNBATHER; LIVELY PATTY SINES OF WEST VIRGINIA; AND A TWICE-DAILY BUFFET.



A BIKINI-CLAD STUDENT FROM TOULOUSE; UNWILD WEST GARB AT A COSTUME PARTY; BARMAN RAYMOND CORDIER IN THE RIVIERA LOUNGE; AND PASSENGER WHO SQUEEZED HER HARP INTO HER \$20,060 CABIN.



## SHOW BUSINESS

### Cable Compromise

For years cable television has been a kind of genie in a TV tube—a potential miracle maker for the ordinary viewer but a frightening specter to commercial broadcasters. With cable (or CATV), a viewer could have at his command as many as 40 channels of offering everything from ballet and sporting events to programs for minority audiences of all kinds. For this he might pay a fee as high as \$20 and then a subscription of perhaps \$5 a month. Though the cable companies could not hope to compete with the networks in news coverage or expensive entertainment shows, the broadcasters have looked upon cable as a potential drain on their advertising revenues and a challenge to their monopoly of the air waves. Since the broadcasters have one of the most effective lobbies in Washington, cable has been generally restricted to rural areas and to urban centers where cable is often necessary for a clear signal. So far, cable covers only about 9% of the sets in the country.

Last week, after years of discussion, the Federal Communications Commission gave CATV a slight lift. It will still be virtually excluded from the top 50 markets—with about 40% of the viewing audience—but it will be allowed to make major inroads into the next 50, which include smaller cities like Little Rock, Ark., and Columbia, S.C. It was not a happy compromise for cable operators or for viewers starved for quality programming. But it was probably the best that they could expect in a year when politicians want to be in broadcasters' good graces in order to get maximum coverage on the air waves.

### Antic Yevtushenko

"I need crowds, vast crowds, enormous crowds," explained Soviet Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko as he made plans for his tour of the U.S. this month. He once read to an audience of 14,000 in a Moscow sports stadium; Doubleday, his American publisher, was happy to help re-create his experience in the U.S. and simultaneously promote his new book *Stolen Apples*. Advertising and producing his American appearances will cost nearly \$100,000. So far the suave, sallow Siberian has performed for tens of thousands at the University of South Carolina, the Felt Forum in Madison Square Garden and arenas in Pittsburgh, Princeton and Chapel Hill. Yevtushenko asks triumphantly: "Who says Americans don't love poetry?"

Although he has publicly denounced U.S. policy in Indochina, Yevtushenko has had no qualms about

meeting its makers. After talking with him at a dinner party, Henry Kissinger arranged for Yevtushenko to see Richard Nixon. Last week poet and President conferred for 70 minutes at the White House; according to Press Secretary Ron Ziegler, Nixon informed Yevtushenko that poetry and music are "an international language."

**Relieving Tedium.** Few remain indifferent to Yevtushenko's personal language. His 6-ft. frame writhing, Yevtushenko shouts, wails and purrs in dramatic Russian. English translations are usually read by a British actor named Barry Boys, or by fellow poets. Between poems, Yevtushenko often banters with the audience in adequate English and with natural charm. The overall reaction is either passionate enthusiasm or cold rage. Says Poet Stanley Kunitz: "To reach out to so large an audience has an element of adventure. Extravaganzas relieve the tedium of an age." Poet Allen Ginsberg was inspired to dithyrambs: "He is trying his best to unify Russian-American Soul under the banner of poesy; in heaven, great golden thrones of credit are given for good intentions." In Pittsburgh last week, Yevtushenko's dirge for Allison Krause, one of the victims of the Kent State tragedy ("Give no flowers to a state that outlaws truth"), was fervently applauded by an audience that included the dead girl's parents.

Some listeners, however, have been markedly cool—for example, to Yevtushenko's repeated attempt to equate the American bombing of North Viet Nam and the assassination of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King with the Nazi massacres at Auschwitz, Dachau and Babi Yar. "Children's huts/ Bombed at night/ Burn in your fire/ Just like your Bill of Rights," he declaims, pointing an accusing finger across the footlights. At the Felt Forum many in the audience booed or left the hall. Eugene McCarthy, who had agreed to participate in the recital, flatly refused Yevtushenko's request that he read one of the Russian's poems which ends, "Oh, Statue of Liberty, raise up/ Your green, drowned woman's face/ Against this death of freedom." McCarthy asked Yevtushenko's translators: "Are we going to be associated with this crap, or shall we leave now?" He compromised by reading one of his own antiwar poems. Allen Tate dismissed Yevtushenko as "a ham actor," whose performances are a "vulgarizing of poetry."

Yevtushenko was conveniently routed by the Soviet authorities to the U.S. via Hanoi, and he lectures his American audiences on his experiences

there. On receiving an honorary degree at the New School for Social Research, he told of having seen the body of a North Vietnamese teen-ager, clutching a copy of Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Later he told the same story at the Felt Forum, where he produced the book, which turned out to be *The Old Man and the Sea*. Observed Poet William Jay Smith: "Next time it will be *Across the River and Into the Trees*." Said Hemingway's widow Mary: "Can you imagine what would happen in Russia if someone got up in a public place and began to talk about how they put writers in insane asylums?"

Yevtushenko dismisses critics who complain that he refuses to give equal time to inequities in the U.S.S.R. He says, "They find it morally questionable to speak of the corruption of the Western world when in the Soviet Union the price of cognac is on the rise, the

THOMAS VICTOR



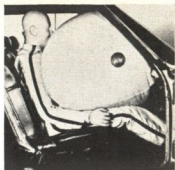
YEVTUSHENKO & MCCARTHY AT FELT FORUM  
The rising price of cognac.

meat supply uncertain and the stores, in general, unjust."

Once Yevtushenko wrote splendid, intimate love lyrics. Now many Russian intellectuals regard him as a creature of the Soviet Establishment. Though he bravely protested the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, his appointment to the governing board of the Soviet Union of Writers last year was a sign of renewed official favor. He still radiates what seems like a sincere passion and remains a writer who tries to maintain himself in a state where survival is an art. When Americans ask why he is not in jail, he replies with a smile, "Because I am too cunning." Yet no one knows better than Yevtushenko the price he has paid. In a confessional poem he recites at his U.S. appearances, he says:

*The curse upon me, the waste of  
my soul  
in rage, is the stage...  
Stage, you gave me the light in  
which to scintillate  
but took away the soft shadow and  
the subtle gleam.*

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## MEDICINE

### Human Warehouse

By name and locale, Willowbrook State School seems a pleasant enough place: a teaching institution on a 400-acre bucolic tract on Staten Island in New York Harbor. Actually, Willowbrook, the world's largest institution for the mentally retarded, is a school in name only. It is instead a grim repository for those whom society has abandoned. What sets Willowbrook apart from similar facilities in other states is sudden exposure. Parents, legislators and newsmen have recently made headlines by attacking the system that allows such a place to exist. In the process, they have won some small sop for Willowbrook's pathetic prisoners. More important, they have shown how hopeless and archaic is the custodial approach to the problem of mental retardation.

The battle of Willowbrook began last December when two staff members, Dr. Michael Wilkins, 30, and Mrs. Elizabeth Lee, 29, a social worker, began urging parents of Willowbrook children to campaign for better conditions. The two, who were later fired, triggered an emotional avalanche. A local daily, the Staten Island *Advance*, took up the cause with a damaging series of articles on the institution. New York television stations dispatched camera crews and gave generous amounts of air time. Politicians also visited the institution. All reached the same conclusion: conditions at Willowbrook were intolerable.

**Odor of Despair.** Built in 1941 to house 3,000, Willowbrook now has a population of 5,200. Half the "patients" are under 21, and at least three-quarters are classified as "profoundly" retarded (IQ under 20) or "severely" retarded (under 36). For a handful of its residents, the school lives up to its name: it has a clean, new and well-staffed education section where "moderately" (IQ from 36 to 52) and "mildly" (from 53 to 68) retarded children

live in small brightly decorated dormitories. These youngsters, considered trainable, attend classes that teach reading and self-care.

But for most of Willowbrook's residents, the institution is a warehouse, a place capable of providing only shelter and the barest essentials, for those whose families are either unwilling or unable to care for them. One building designed to accommodate 188 currently houses 250 severely retarded and seriously disturbed adolescent girls in conditions so crowded that one bed must often be moved in order to reach another. Training of any kind is non-existent, though recent experience elsewhere has shown that seemingly hopeless cases can benefit from professional attention. The girls spend their days sitting, standing or lying in a large, marble-floored room that resembles Sar-

tre's vision of hell. Bare and high-ceilinged, its walls covered with flaking green paint, the room is redolent of sweat, urine, excrement—and despair. Many of the patients are incontinent; the few attendants are kept busy changing them or putting clothes back on those who keep tearing them off. There is no time left to carry out rehabilitation programs. "It just kills me," says one attendant. "We're so busy that we can't do anything that really helps them."

Wards for profoundly retarded children are no better. By night, the children, many of whom have physical handicaps as well, sleep in closely spaced cribs. By day, they sit strapped into special chairs, recline in two-wheeled wagons that look like peddler's pushcarts or lie listlessly on mats on the floor. Some of the youngsters weep or grunt unintelligibly; most make no sound at all. A few children with severe physical handicaps but normal intellects share the accommoda-

WILLOWBROOK STATE SCHOOL WARD FOR SEVERELY RETARDED ADULT PATIENTS



DAY ROOM FOR SEVERELY RETARDED WOMEN PATIENTS



RETARDED AND HANDICAPPED CHILDREN IN CARTS



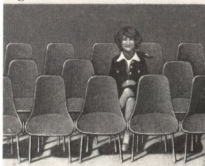
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**EASTERN** The Wings of Man.

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tions; families unable to care for them have made them wards of the state.

Conditions in some of the men's wards would have made Bedlam look inviting. One ward holds 40 seriously disturbed adults, some of them violent. The ward is staffed by two attendants, one a woman; they have all they can do to keep their patients from hurting themselves or each other. They cannot always keep their patients healthy. Hepatitis, which thrives on poor hygiene, is rampant at Willowbrook. Many of the patients have diseases and defects that will ultimately kill them. Some die of other causes: ten years ago, a measles epidemic swept through the institution and killed 250. Of the 125 patients who died of various causes during 1970, nine choked on their own vomit before attendants could reach them.

Conditions at Willowbrook were not always like this; seven years ago they were even worse. When Dr. Jack Hammond, the present director, took over the institution in 1964, the patient population was up to 6,500. "It was both inhuman and unhealthy," says Hammond. "They were literally packed in here like cattle." To relieve the overcrowding, Hammond persuaded the state's department of mental hygiene to halt admissions except for special cases. But Hammond, with a budget of \$33 million a year, has not been able to relieve Willowbrook's gross understaffing. In December 1970, the state imposed a hiring freeze on all institutions, Willowbrook, which then had 274 staff vacancies, is now 900 short of its authorized roster of 3,628. For sections housing the most retarded, the recommended staff-patient ratio is 1 to 4; in some of Willowbrook's worst wards now, it is actually 1 to 20.

**Waiting List.** Some relief is in sight. The department of mental hygiene's 1971 budget of \$580 million had been threatened with a \$20 million cut in the coming fiscal year. Responding to public pressure, Governor Nelson Rockefeller has canceled the cut, announcing that the department's budget will instead be increased by \$20 million. That will allow Willowbrook to fill at least 300 vacant positions. But it is unlikely to improve conditions at the institution. "Attendants aren't enough," explains Hammond. "We need to get 2,000 patients out of here."

Such an accomplishment seems impossible. Most of Willowbrook's patients are there because there is nowhere else for them to go. Nearly all experts in mental retardation argue for small centers where patients can receive intensive attention from doctors, therapists and teachers. They also recommend day schools that allow all but the most seriously afflicted to live with their families but still have care. In most states such facilities are simply nonexistent. Willowbrook, despite its well-advertised horrors, has a list of 1,000 awaiting admission.

## The Staph Scare

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration, often accused of moving too slowly to protect the public from harmful substances, cannot seem to win friends with decisive action either. The agency's latest dilemma involves hexachlorophene, the germ killer used in many soaps, deodorants and medicinal cleansers. Recently, the FDA moved to ban hexachlorophene from cosmetics and warned against bathing babies in compounds rich in the chemical (TIME, Dec. 20; Jan. 17).

When absorbed through the skin in sufficient quantity, experiments with animals had shown, hexachlorophene caused brain damage. No injury to humans was proved, however, and some doctors were skeptical about eliminating hexachlorophene use in hospitals. Last week that view gained support.

**By Hand.** Cleansers like pHisoHex are credited with checking virulent staphylococcal infections among newborn infants. "Staph" is a ubiquitous bug transmitted in the air and by human hands. In high concentration, some strains can cause skin and eye inflammations and can even lead to pneumonia, heart problems and bone disease. The U.S. Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, which has been checking rumors of rising rates of staph infections, reported that 23 hospitals across the country have experienced such outbreaks since the beginning of the year.

The CDC declined to name the hospitals, but one of them volunteered news of the problem. Yale-New Haven Hospital announced that it had closed one of its six nurseries after pediatricians began finding colonies of staphylococcus bacteria—and mild infections—in infants. Critics of the FDA lost no time in blaming the agency's action for the outbreak. Dr. Louis Gluck, pediatrics professor at the University of California at San Diego and one of the first to report on hexachlorophene's benefits years ago, said: "There's no question about it. The ban on the use of hexachlorophene has resulted in the outbreak of staph."

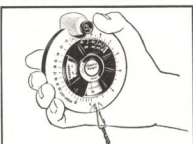
The FDA and CDC were not so sure. Representatives from both agencies and the American Academy of Pediatrics met in Washington to review matters. They reaffirmed the FDA's December position but added a hedge: the cleanser may be temporarily used for bathing if there is a staph outbreak.

Some of those at the meeting suggested that the hospitals themselves were to blame for the staph resurgence. The hospitals, they said, had taken the FDA's warning too literally by completely removing hexachlorophene cleansers from the nursery. The FDA, said a spokesman, only advised doctors and nurses not to wash babies with hexachlorophene; it never told them not to use the cleanser on their own hands.



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## Shadow of the Beast

THE ASSASSINS

by ELIA KAZAN

311 pages. Stein & Day. \$7.95.

Elia Kazan, of stage and screen, broke into bestselling novel writing five years ago with *The Arrangement*, in which a middle-aged adman turns intellectual and works up a healthy sweat over old values and a new woman. The prose was rough cut; the characters were slabs of emotional clichés. Kazan was not out to master the novel form but to overwhelm it on his way to the movie script.

*The Assassins* fits a similar pattern,

DAVID BARK



BESTSELLER ELIA KAZAN  
On to the movies.

except now Kazan's subject is the whole United States of America—as a terminal case. Military hardware lies slowly disintegrating in the desert, the law softens and bends, violence flourishes, youths rot their minds with chemicals. This is certainly not the country of Kazan's autobiographical novel *America America*, the young immigrant's dream and fulfillment. In the new book, a father tells his acidhead son, "If you want to live a big life, get a big cause," and the kid doesn't know what his father is talking about.

Father and son are but two members of a numerous and all but unmanageable cast of characters, whose problems range from life and death to the merits of stocks v. tax-free municipal bonds. The main story line—the one that will remain after most of the rest of the plot has been cut away for a workable script—is about a Mexican-American Air Force sergeant who shoots and kills a hippie drug dealer on

a military base in the Southwest. The longhair, a local counterculture idol, had deflowered the sergeant's rambling rose of a daughter.

The straight community regards the Chicano as a hero who did the red-blooded American thing. The Air Force regards the matter as a no-win proposition. If the sergeant goes free, it might appear that military men are privileged as killers. If he is punished, the community will be outraged.

Only the sergeant remains calm. He killed out of anger, and is perfectly willing to pay for it. But nothing is simple any more. Justice gets lost in a welter of lawyers' ambitions and personal problems, fatal misunderstandings, official deception and senseless violence. Anything resembling youthful idealism, compassion or hope either gets destroyed or freaks out.

Years' rough beast again? No, Kazan's—a shaggy stage prop animated by mechanical grunts and dramatizing the sort of pseudo realism that Vivien Leigh may have had in mind when she once described Kazan as "the kind of man who sends a suit out to be cleaned and rumped."

• R.Z. Sheppard

## The End of an Epic

HENRY JAMES: THE MASTER (1901-1961)

by LEON EDEL

591 pages. Lippincott. \$12.95.

For almost 20 years Leon Edel's biography of Henry James has been rolling forth, majestic, inviolate and nearly interminable, like one of the master's own sentences. Clear-eyed young students who began with *Henry James: The Untried Years* (1953) had turned middle-aged themselves by the time they popped out their bifocals to read *Henry James: The Treacherous Years* (1969). "How long, Leon, how long?" cried the reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* when the fourth volume appeared. With this, the fifth and final volume, the question can be answered: 2,152 pages. Edel has also provided an answer to a much more difficult question: Exactly who and what was Henry James.

In 1899, when he was 56, James sat for a portrait by his young cousin Ellen Emmet. The painting, which James varnished himself and hung in his dining room, showed an Old Master, solemn if not portentous, massively trussed in a beige waistcoat and dark suit with a heavy-knotted, speckled cravat. A "smooth and anxious clerical gentleman" was the way James summed up his own likeness. But hidden underneath, on a separate canvas, was an unfinished portrait of quite a different man: Henry James as a country squire out of Fielding—ruddy face, eyes full of animal energy.

The first James still represents the official stereotype. Here is the high priest of art who refined himself right out of life, the superfastidious intellect whom Theodore Roosevelt called an "effete" and "miserable little snob," the too-exquisite stylist whom H.G. Wells described as a "leviathan retrieving pebbles." Edel's formidable accomplishment has been to unveil the second James in all his surprising robustness and to give this figure equal space on the wall.

The expatriate James of these later years was in fact a figure of immense vitality as well as subtlety, working at a pace that might have killed a young Hemingway. He wrote *The Ambassadors* in eight months, and his other two masterpieces, *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*, at the rate of one a year. His longish (and perhaps



HENRY JAMES: A COUSIN'S PORTRAIT  
Eyes full of animal energy.

best) short story, *The Beast in the Jungle*, seems to have been composed in three days.

James was up at 8, bathed, shaved and meticulously dressed for breakfast by 9. After porridge and cream and three shirred eggs, he settled down to dictation, pacing and pausing to his own elegant prose rhythms until 1:45. In the afternoons and evenings he revised his typescripts, corrected his proofs, filled his fabled notebooks, and read voluminously. In addition, he maintained an elaborate correspondence with an awesome number of friends and relatives.

Nor did the master neglect his corporeal self. Wearing a peaked hat on his head and carrying a walking stick, he took his daily constitutional along the roadways of Sussex, often shadowed like a caricature by his dachshund Maximilian. Or else he donned his knickerbockers and a striped jacket and, with Jamesian dignity, hopped

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onto his bicycle to go for a spin.

"The days depart and pass, laden somehow like processional camels—across the desert of one's solitude," James complained. Yet he possessed the social energy of a professional dinner guest. A master observer of scenes, he sought his scenes out, commuting seasonally to London, and finally in 1904 returning to the United States he had last observed 21 years before. He traveled as far as California on a notably successful lecture tour, sharing with his audiences (at fees of up to \$250) "The Lesson of Balzac."

Edel finds this same sturdiness—this same toughness beneath urbanity—in James' later novels. Did James lack strong feelings? Listen, Edel says, to the words of Lambert Strether in *The Ambassadors*, sent abroad to rescue a young New Englander from un-Puritanical Paris and rather falling victim himself: "Live all you can; it's a mistake not to. It doesn't so much matter what you do in particular so long as you have your life."

Was James belatedly coming to terms with possible sins of neglect in the 1894 suicide of the minor novelist Constance Fenimore Woolson, who had loved him? Edel leaves the question as just that. But it is a question that puts flesh upon a man too often misconstrued as disembodied intellect.

James, Edel concludes, was always on the side of civilization: the "illusions" of order. But not, he argues, out of moral fussiness, as anti-Jacobites imply. To James, looking for the "figure in the carpet," life was a terrifying unknown in the end, redeemed only by man's two contradictory passions: to establish order, then to risk that order in acts of love.

With a patience and tact nearly equal to the patience and tact of his subject, Edel has applied, throughout these five volumes, the master's technique to the master. The critic has erected a mirrored structure to reflect the original. In this concluding volume Edel has achieved what Henry James himself achieved with the characters in his last novels. To famously rarefied and aristocratic sensibilities he has managed to add the supremely ordinary, the wonderfully vulgar gift of a heart.

■ Melvin Maddocks

## Roland's Last Blast

MEMOIRS OF HOPE: RENEWAL AND ENDEAVOR

by CHARLES DE GAULLE  
translated by TERENCE KILMARTIN  
392 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$10.

Charles de Gaulle, leader and symbol of victorious Free France, visited Russia in 1944, and his hosts took him to visit the battlefield at Stalingrad. De Gaulle pensively surveyed the terrain, then turned to the Russians and said: "A great people—[pause] the Germans." The story, perhaps apocryphal,

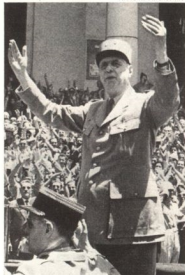
tells much about the man: his frosty independence, his detached historical perspective, his ability to deliver the calculated shock.

Those qualities made De Gaulle essential to France twice in its recent history, but along with them he possessed a kind of stony stolidity that leaves the final volume of his memoirs bloodless and disappointing.

One French critic wryly called the first volume of De Gaulle's war memoirs, which appeared in 1954, "*The Song of Roland* written by Roland himself, with all that suggests of simplification and even of changing the facts." In *Memoirs of Hope*, written between De Gaulle's abdication in 1969 and his death 18 months later, the simplification and the changing of facts persist, but the blasts from Roland's horn have grown feebler.

That is a pity, for this last volume

PHOTOGRAPHER, INC.



CHARLES DE GAULLE, 1958  
*Virtue rewarded.*

covers the tumultuous period beginning with De Gaulle's return to power in 1958; when he died, he had carried the narrative into 1963. In that time, De Gaulle brought his country from the brink of civil war to political and economic stability. Without putting a foot wrong, he ended the fratricidal crisis over whether Algeria should be granted independence. It was an extraordinary achievement, something only he could have done.

**Brilliant Stroke.** But De Gaulle's recollections of Algeria are astoundingly flat. There is a workmanlike, almost brusque review of events, the continuing nationalist guerrilla war, the increasing rage and frustration of the French army. De Gaulle cites his famous, ambiguous cry to the restive French in Algiers: "I have understood you!" They thought he meant to support them against the rebels—which he did not. De Gaulle explains: "I tossed

them the words, seemingly spontaneous but in reality carefully calculated, which I hoped would fire their enthusiasm without committing me further than I was willing to go." It was a brilliant stroke, and his account reveals how meticulously and disdainfully he planned his stage effects. But for the most part, the general's account of France's anguish over Algeria sounds as passionless as a newspaper bulletin about a Métro strike. One wonders: Is this all?

Of his fellow statesmen, De Gaulle found few more than passable. Adenauer wins his praise. So does Nixon—as a "steady personality"—in a passage obviously informed by hindsight. Eisenhower appears almost as timid and bumbling as Britain's Macmillan during the 1960 summit confrontation with Khrushchev; to hear De Gaulle tell it, only his own resolution prevented the Allies from acceding to Soviet demands on Berlin.

**Rare Wit.** Occasionally the magisterial tone is broken by a welcome personal note. There is a disarming comment on his television speeches: "This septuagenarian, sitting alone behind a table under relentless lights, had to appear animated and spontaneous enough to seize and hold attention without compromising himself by excessive gestures and misplaced grimaces." There are also rare, redeeming touches of dry wit—as when he writes of his 1958 economic reforms that "virtue is sometimes rewarded even in France."

Too often, however, the majestic alexandrine sonorities of De Gaulle's written French sound awkward and even unintelligible in Terence Kilmartin's translation. The American publishers have also neglected to alter Anglicisms that will baffle many U.S. readers—for example, "council flats" for public housing. Most of all, though, De Gaulle has simply not done himself justice. He writes: "Beyond all the ordeals and obstacles, and perhaps beyond the grave, that which is legitimate may one day be legalized, that which is rightful may in the end be proved right." Events have already proved De Gaulle right about many things, but he has put too little of himself, right or wrong, into the final volume of his memoirs.

■ Keith R. Johnson

## Clockwork Kumquat

ONE HAND CLAPPING

by ANTHONY BURGESS  
215 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

What a nice coincidence. Anthony Burgess's *One Hand Clapping*, first published in England eleven years ago, now comes to the lapsed colonies in time to benefit from the publicity for the film version of his subsequent novel *A Clockwork Orange*.

Both books belong to the same period in the author's richly pleated life, though it is practically useless to divide



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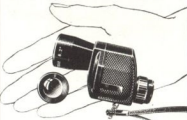


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Burgess's relatively short and unusually prolific writing career into creative periods. Although light years away in style and impact, *One Hand*, like *Clockwork*, is an example of Burgess's concern that modern man has all but shut himself away from spiritual joy.

Howard Shirley, the principal character of *One Hand*, has little to recommend him except a photographic memory, which he uses to store the minutiae of literary history. He spews back information for prize money on a TV quiz show and then parlays the winnings into a fortune at the races.

The story, enhanced by the flat voice of Howard's attractive but simple wife Janet, is something of an inverted play on the now familiar account of the author's life: Burgess, impecunious and convinced he was dying, sat down to write novels as a way of providing a legacy for his wife. Instead of dying, he lingered on to become a chronic writer. Rich, healthy Howard, by contrast, can think of nothing better to do than squander his easy money on a banal overseas tour and then commit suicide. It is not that Howard is outraged or disgusted by life; he simply does not know what to do with it.

Fortunately for the story, Howard's suicide plan includes killing Janet. This provides Burgess with the opportunity to show a bit of his genius for drollery. Janet does in Howard first and with the aid of her poet-lover gets clean away. Howard, after spending weeks tucked in a trunk, literally ends up as a scarecrow. As the title suggests, though, Burgess is not satisfied to play at being Hitchcock. What is the sound of one mind clapping? What is the shape of a mind without soul?

■ R.Z.S.

## BEST SELLERS

### FICTION

- 1—The Winds of War, Wouk (3 last week)
- 2—Wheels, Hailey (1)
- 3—The Betsy, Robbins (5)
- 4—Message from Malaga, MacInnes (9)
- 5—Nemesis, Christie (7)
- 6—The Exorcist, Blatty (6)
- 7—Robbit Redux, Updike (4)
- 8—The Day of the Jackal, Forsyth (2)
- 9—Our Gang, Roth (8)
- 10—Glory, Nabokov

### NONFICTION

- 1—Eleanor and Franklin, Lash (1)
- 2—Tracy and Hepburn, Katin (2)
- 3—Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (3)
- 4—Brian Piccolo: A Short Season, Morris (4)
- 5—Honor Thy Father, Talese (5)
- 6—The Last Whole Earth Catalog, Portola Institute (7)
- 7—The Defense Never Rests, Bailey with Aronson (9)
- 8—Jennie, Vol. II: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill, 1895-1921, Martin (6)
- 9—The Game of the Foxes, Farago
- 10—The Wreck of the Penn Central, Daughen and Binzen

## Freudian Geometry

X Y & ZEE

Directed by BRIAN G. HUTTON

Screenplay by EDNA O'BRIEN

Talk about your bad marriages. Robert (Michael Caine) is a successful London architect wedded—or perhaps welded—to an aging spitfire named Zee (Elizabeth Taylor). Zee has a shape like a brioche and an armor-piercing tongue she uses to lash Robert into line. Robert loves it. He flaunts his casual affairs so that she can drown him in venom. Hatred, in fact, is the single sign of life in their relationship.

Robert's extramarital indulgences



TAYLOR & CAINE IN "X Y & ZEE"  
Drowning in venom.

remain cursory until he spots Stella (Susannah York) across a crowded room. A friend (Margaret Leighton, in a see-through dress you'd rather not) makes the introductions, and Robert makes the pass. Stella, interested but uncertain, takes a rain check. Zee watches the whole thing blooming but dismisses Stella as "a soulful slob." Imagine her surprise when Robert not only takes Stella as his mistress but also starts to take Stella seriously.

He totes Stella off on one of those lyric holidays by a deserted strand that have been a staple of English films since *Room at the Top*. This obviously calls for serious measures from Zee. Not even a ritual slitting of her wrists in the bathtub has any appreciable effect. With a gut instinct for elementary Freudian geometry (so thoughtfully supplied by Scenarist Edna O'Brien) Zee sets out to bed Stella herself and play out the triangle of X Y & Zee to its conclusion.

Talk about your bad movies. Miss

York mopes about trying to look stoic. Caine carries on with a variety of bleats, sneers and snivels. *X Y & Zee*, however, is mostly a vehicle for Miss Taylor, who gets still another chance to do the bitch-Earth Mother act seen previously in *Boom* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* She can be a good actress and is still a beautiful woman; it is a sorrowful thing to watch her camp it up. O'Brien and Director Brian G. Hutton (*Where Eagles Dare*) toss dialogue and bits of business her way like zookeepers throwing fish to a performing seal.

• Joy Cocks

## Puberty Rites

TO FIND A MAN

Directed by BUZZ KULIK

Screenplay by ARNOLD SCHULMAN

The ads call it "the story of a boy who got a girl out of trouble," but *To Find a Man* isn't quite so bad as it sounds. Andy (Darren O'Connor) is a wealthy teen-ager with a high-power IQ. His childhood chum Rosalind (Pamela Martin), who has recently acquired what her mother characterizes as "the worst case of the hots I've ever seen," has got pregnant. She spends a lot of time at her fancy boarding school trying to give herself an abortion. When the usual dormitory methods—castor oil, Coca-Cola douches, jumping from high places—do not work, she turns to Andy.

What keeps all this from being completely sticky is that Rosalind is not a weepy, fragile hysteric but a thoroughly selfish adolescent cow. Andy, studious and shy, willingly undergoes every humiliation for her. After he has managed to arrange a private operation, Rosalind casually asks him if he could change the time so she can get her hair done.

The viewer awaits Andy's awakening to the fact that he is being exploited, and that his own rather tentative manhood is being mocked at every turn. But in the great Hollywood tradition, Scenarist Arnold Schulman opts at the end for those grand old panaceas, universal love and acceptance. "Who am I to judge you?" Andy asks Rosalind. He quotes a little Zen, allows that he loves her, then wanders off, having passed from adolescence to sainthood without even a pause at awareness.

O'Connor is quite touching as Andy, and Pamela Martin's Rosalind is properly vexing. There are also a couple of excellent cameos by Tom Ewell as a corpulent abortionist and Lloyd Bridges, who plays Rosalind's father with a perfect balance of anger, befuddlement and affection. These, in fact, are just the emotions that the movie itself deserves.

• J.C.

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## Staggers' Revenge

TV newsmen seemingly won a large victory last summer; the House of Representatives declined to cite CBS and its then-President Frank Stanton for contempt for refusing to cooperate fully with an investigation into the controversial documentary *The Selling of the Pentagon*. Commerce Committee Chairman Harley O. Staggers, who had chaired the inquiry, was stunned by his defeat. He was not knocked out, however, and for months he has had investigators searching for evidence that TV newsmen have staged events so as to deceive viewers.

Staggers is now considering a

WALTER BENNETT



COMMERCE CHAIRMAN STAGGERS  
Innocence or deceit?

round of committee hearings and says: "We hope to have legislation." Though the networks believe that he lacks potent new material, they are nervous about the chairman's persistence. At CBS, ABC and NBC, correspondents, camera crews and others have been told in tough directives that video license must not be extended to include anything phony. An NBC rule reads that "no techniques may be used which could reasonably be anticipated to mislead the audience." ABC News Vice President William Sheehan declares that "we are not in the business of making things happen," and adds: "Everyone has the message, and anyone who doesn't won't be with us very long."

Sheehan has been touring ABC bureaus to lay down the law, and Stanton, now CBS Vice Chairman, has been using network lawyers to review purported incidents of staging. This scrutiny follows an earlier investigation

conducted by Stanton's news chief, Richard Salant. CBS and ABC officials have also been eager to learn what their employees in the field have been telling Staggers' men.

The committee investigators have turned up cases in which ABC staged shots of a careening police car in Seattle last year to add drama to a story and posed professional models around a Las Vegas gambling table in a 1970 program to show how the recession was hurting business. One CBS West Coast correspondent used a colleague's daughter to illustrate a story on hitchhiking, and posed CBS employees as restaurant patrons in a story on wine drinking. In these cases, the networks have beaten the committee to the punch by suspending the personnel involved for periods of a week to 90 days. Further offenses could well bring firings.

CBS, which expects the toughest treatment from Staggers, has taken special pains to double-check incidents being looked into by committee investigators. Salant now says that he can completely refute two anticipated charges: that CBS had additional blazes set to embellish a forest fire report and strewed trash on the beach to fluff up a story on Indians being driven from their fishing grounds by tourists. He says he is looking into an accusation that the network used a former employee to pose as a buyer of dynamite and secured a shopkeeper's cooperation in a 1970 story about the ease of purchasing explosives.

**Fine Line.** Beyond the network's general orders about staging, Stanton has decreed that quotes from edited interviews and speeches must be used in sequence. This seems to be in response to complaints that some statements of *The Selling of the Pentagon* were run out of order, altering the speaker's point. Stanton has also ordered that written transcripts be made available on request to interview subjects after the broadcast. But he staunchly defends his network's basic honesty and seems to view Staggers' new effort as a personal vendetta. "It is impossible for me to psychoanalyze him," Stanton says. "He is a very intense and very bitter man." Staggers replies that he is not bitter at all, believing that the networks' self-policing "has been good for the American people."

Whatever Staggers' motives, the real issue is the validity of his implicit charge—that seeing TV news does not always merit believing. So-called staging is neither automatically evil nor restricted to TV. Still photographers sometimes pose pictures for newspapers and magazines, and print journalism could not function without selection and editing of material. Television, by its nature, requires staging

of a sort: initial interviews that amount to rehearsals, placing subjects for the best sound and lighting effects, interjecting a commentator's remarks in the flow of events filmed earlier. In this process there is a fine line between innocence and deceit, and it would take a most unusual congressional investigation to make the boundary clear.

## Minnesota Precedent

The First Amendment protects the press from overt Government intervention, and journalists enjoy rigorous self-criticism about as much as other mortals. Who then should systematically keep the news media honest? One proposed answer is press councils—voluntary bodies with both press and public representation that would hear specific complaints and judge them. Last year the Minnesota Press Association organized the first statewide council in the country. That body last week made its first finding, one that went against the press, and was accepted with good grace.

The St. Paul *Union Advocate*, a labor weekly, had charged that Minnesota House Majority Leader Ernest Lindstrom was taken to dinner by a liquor lobbyist, with the result that proposed liquor tax increases were dropped from pending legislation. Lindstrom protested that he had paid for his own meal and encountered the lobbyist only casually toward the end of it. He said that he personally favored the higher tax, and voted against it only to get a compromise bill passed by his colleagues. Lindstrom demanded a retraction from *Union Advocate* Editor Gordon Spielman, did not get it, and took his case to the press council. Spielman, himself one of the nine press representatives on the 18-member council, temporarily gave up his seat and appeared as defendant. He insisted that he had considered his sources for the story reliable, though he refused to reveal them.

After six weeks of mulling over the testimony, the council accused the *Union Advocate* of "failing to fulfill a professional journalistic obligation to check its information with the principals and others known to have been present." Though the group has neither legal standing nor machinery to enforce its decisions, it recommended that the *Union Advocate* print the remarks critical of itself. Said Spielman: "Of course I'll publish them. I had planned to all along."

All well and good, but councils might not work so smoothly in more complicated situations. Inevitably they would be slow and cumbersome. Besides, assembling councils that are widely accepted as disinterested would be difficult. Chances are, says former Presidential Press Secretary George Reedy, that they would be dismissed as "self-appointed committees of intellectual vigilantes."



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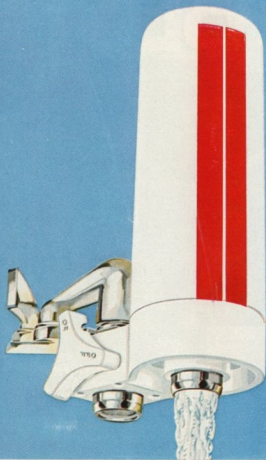


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